The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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Week by Week

WITH the Public Welfare Commissioner's declaration that some thirty of his staff have been assaulted in recent months by those whose claims they were investigating, New Yorkers have defined for them one of the most poignant problems of relief. It is at bottom an insoluble problem, like every other problem connected with relief; for relief itself represents an inhuman distortion of the normal basis of human life. It is normal to pay one's way by producing something for society; self-respect, social sufficiency, moral stability, are all associated with doing it. It is abnormal to receive a government dole, whether of money, commodities or artificially created jobs—as members of a class of worthy unfortunates with a recognized public claim. The anomaly, the moral and psychological tension in such a situation are great, and manifest themselves inevitably at the points of contact between the recipients of relief and those whom society appoints as its distributors. For though the philosophy of relief (unlike the philosophy of charity) is impersonal, it must be administered personally. It is impossible that the investigators should not be resented, not only because his actual questions must have a character opposed to the admirable "non-gratuity" theory of relief, but because his judgment is all-important; impossible to say whether he is resented more because he can withhold relief or because he can grant it. It is not necessary to suppose that the New York investigators showed anything but consideration in doing their difficult job, or that the relief candidates were specially brutal or even specifically stupid. The equilibrium of the situation itself is so touchy that not much is needed to upset it. We are reminded again that relief is merely making the poor best of a very bad job. The tragedies and, worse, the frictions involved can be lessened by intelligence, tact, charity. But they will always be there: as definite a warning as pain in the individual body. Let the country beware of supposing that relief is a lasting solution to anything.

Anomaly of Relief

THE PROPOSAL to make the Wages and Hours Bill impose flat $.40 an hour, 40 hour a week minimums within a specific number of years seems to be defeated. Orators, especially from the South, asserted such a law would wrap American economy in a paralyzing "strait-jacket." The compromise proposal, that the minimum wage should start out at $.25 an hour and be raised in two years to $.30 and that thereafter wage and hour boards should hold hearings by industries to set minimums up to $.40, accomplishing the purpose as quickly as possible but before no specific date, was likewise opposed as a "strait-jacket." Led by Senator Borah, critics believed the absence of a time limit would tie up labor in a $.30 strait-jacket. None of the versions offered contain geographic differentials as such, although the lower figures are always considered the Southern and the higher, the Northern. Let us hope the principle of geographic differentials has been eliminated from the complex problem of wage legislation. State laws and their administration have proved the utility of going after wages—above the absolute minimum—industry by industry. State activity in the field also seems to show the wisdom of raising the minimum somewhat gradually, imparting necessary education as the process goes on. It also, incidentally, shows that centralized administration would be difficult and that a state-federal association would, if it is possible, be desirable. Flexibility and compromise in setting up methods for enforcing minimums can-

Which "Strait-jacket"?

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not be seriously attacked. It would defeat the whole purpose, however, if the flexibility were so unchecked as to permit avoidance of the minimums themselves. A $.30 minimum would be a great gain, but a limit to the period during which we can stop at $.30 ought to be written in the law.

How the Wind Blows

EVER since a genuine political opposition to President Roosevelt's policies first began to manifest itself, it has been constantly alleged that the New Deal will use every means at its disposal to preserve its political power; the unsavory suggestion is constantly made that relief funds are used for this purpose. And there can be no question that the political strategy of the administration has been to tolerate no opposition from Democratic members of the Congress. White House support for Mr. Pepper in Florida was open enough; Harry Hopkins's recommendation to the voters of Iowa that they support Senator Gillette's opponent in the Democratic primaries "on the basis of his record" seems traceable largely to the Senator's voting against the Supreme Court bill a year ago. In the case of the Florida primaries the issue was not so clear. Senator Pepper has been a consistent supporter of the administration; his opponent ran as an anti-New Deal Democrat. Senator Gillette has supported the administration in many things, but has shown a desire to make political capital out of attacks on the "radical" elements in Washington. His opponent has been a "regular" member of the House through thick and thin. The issue was not pro-New Deal against anti-New Deal, but independence of judgment within the party as against "100 percent New Deal." Senator Gillette has won in Iowa, and has won by a wide margin. Iowa Democrats evidently prefer their representatives' politics spiced with political irregularity. And the result gave Mr. Hopkins a chance to point out that either relief funds were not used for political purposes, or else their use is singularly ineffective. But, in spite of the continued personal popularity of the President, is it not somewhat significant that in Iowa the total number of votes cast in the Republican primaries was greater than the total number cast by the Democrats?

Monopoly by Tendency

IN A WAY, the NRA system of dealing with labor and business and different businesses, was to level up privileges. Some groups had entrenched themselves with power and privileges that unbalanced economy, so that the attempt was made to give other groups new privileges as compensation. Anti-monopoly drives seek a lower common denominator: to prevent or reduce privilege and leave all groups in the same negative status. Following this latter principle, the giants have been attacked in recent months, oil, automobiles, the utilities and last week the farm implement manufacturers. Now, after NRA has broken down, the Federal Trade Commission report on the farm tool makers shows the difficulties in preventing *de facto* monopoly. The commission found no evidences of corporate interconnection. The unified propaganda work of the Farm Equipment Institute and the American Society of Agricultural Engineers which the F.T.C. particularly deplored, the "price leadership" of the eight great concerns, the standardization of products which "tends to produce price uniformity," and the "full line forcing" which makes dealers become exclusive outlets, are not called in themselves monopolistic practises. The report admits that "similarity of policies respecting prices, terms and competitive practises to some extent tends to result whether the policies are determined by the companies individually and competitively or by understandings and agreements." Whatever the source of the policies, however, the result is the same in placing the buyer at a disadvantage before the seller, and one seller at an advantage over another. The tendency of a free market is to become regulated. It is the plain size of International, Deere, Case, Allis-Chalmers, Oliver, Minneapolis-Moline, Massey-Harris and B. F. Avery that presents the first difficulty. The Woodrow Wilson-Brandeis thesis that bigness is in itself wrong deserves reexamination. Few industrial giants compensate by economy of production and distribution for the injuries they inflict through the market.

New Homes from the Government

IMPATIENCE over the costliness, inefficiency and the comparatively small number of new low-cost dwelling units to show for such heavy expenditures seems to mark most comment on the administration's housing achievements. With the nation's housing needs generally recognized as somewhere in the millions, PWA's 20,000 family units do seem scarcely worth mentioning. But when they are viewed all together and evaluated in human terms, as in a recent number of the *Architectural Forum,* these new models for emulation comprise a genuinely imposing array. In the largest cities the new apartments make a sharp contrast with the slums and near-slums that surround them. On the average, 20-25 percent of the housing area which was formerly occupied by slums is taken up by the new buildings; the rest is given over to playgrounds, lawns and shrubbery, to fresh air and sunlight, and unhappily to smoke and dust. The freshness and order of the rooms makes one wonder whether training or supervision actually preceded the moving in, for family transplanting does

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"MOM, WHAT'S A SLUM?"

not automatically solve the problems of the slums. And what of the economic security of the tenants? Housing is but a part, if a highly important part, of the whole problem. The three greenbelt towns constructed under PWA seem almost as big an advance over the new city multiple-dwelling units as the latter are over the old tenements, for they include gardens, real trees, one's own backyard, in short many of the essential physical ingredients of a real home together with opportunity to produce part of the family's keep. Under the USHA 20,833 new units are already under way. They include $57,577,000 in new projects recently approved by President Roosevelt for the cities of Allentown, Baltimore, Birmingham, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Detroit and Pittsburgh. Housing Administrator Straus predicts the approval of a similar sum for low-cost housing every month With the wealth of building and operating experience now at hand the public housing authorities in various parts of the country have an unparalleled opportunity to contribute substantially to a better American life.

Free Speech in New Jersey

WE HAVE already on several occasions criticized the attitude of the Jersey City authorities toward free speech; the disquieting news of the last week makes it imperative to advert to the matter again. On June 4, Norman Thomas, while attempting to speak in Newark, was pelted with rotten eggs and was so consistently interrupted by hecklers and a brass band that he was forced to stop. The general disorder had to be quelled by the local police. A few days later the Newark official in charge of giving permits to hold meetings in parks and streets announced that in future he would give permits only to "patriotic and military organizations." Now Newark is not Jersey City; it is not even in Hudson County. One could not help fearing that the tactics of Mayor Hague might be adopted by his neighbors. It is further to be noted that in Jersey City every effort has been made, including a monster demonstration for "Americanism," to create the impression that the

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people themselves desire the suppression of free speech; in the Newark incident, Mr. Thomas was stopped by the crowd, not by any public official. Even supposing that the people of Jersey City do not want "radicals" to speak, or that the Newark crowd was a normal group of Newark citizens and represented no planned effort to stop Mr. Thomas, still the allegation that the "people" wish to restrict a basic democratic right is not germane. By definition, without freedom of speech there is no democracy. The very foundation of democracy and "Americanism," for that matter, is the bill of rights, and any attack upon its integrity is also an attack upon "American" principles. This realization apparently came to Newark executives and city commissioners several days later, when they determined to try the London method of dealing with the problem. The Director of Public Property set aside a small city park as a special free speech forum—a "Hyde Park" for Newark. Permits will be required of the speakers but not any specific sort of beliefs. If the tide of influence turns in this direction, northern New Jersey may quickly come up again to the position it ought to hold in the more truly "American" scene.

Bombing Unarmed Citizens

MR. SUMNER WELLES accurately reflected the sentiments of most Americans when, speaking of the wars in China and Spain in an official press statement approved by President Roosevelt, he condemned as "barbarous" "the ruthless bombing of unfortified localities with the resultant slaughter of civilian populations, and in particular of women and children." Other procedures such as slow starvation may be even worse, but there is something heartrending about the toll of sudden death in the daily headlines. Since 1918 aerial bombs have become so much more effective that they may be said to constitute a powerful new weapon. Japan is demonstrating at Canton that if civilian bombardment is pressed to logical extremes, it may actually effect large-scale demoralization of the enemy. Current preparations of our army and navy medical corps signalize the general recognition that wholesale bombing of women and children has come to stay. It is henceforth a factor that must definitely be weighed in the casuistry of pacifism. A nation at war today believes victory to be essential at almost any cost to herself or her enemies and Japan appears undeterred by French, British and American protests. The Spanish Nationalists, who maintain that they are fighting the battle of Christian civilization, appear to be more sensitive to world opinion; after the bombing of Barcelona and the reproval of the Holy Father their air forces desisted from attacking Loyalist cities and towns for several weeks. But hundreds have been killed recently at Alicante and Granollers. And the Spanish Loyalists, who constitute themselves "defenders of democracy," have embarked on air raids of their own. Like most victories in modern warfare, civilian demoralization, if technically there be any more civilians, is purchased at an exorbitant price.

Guiding the Graduates

NO NEWSPAPER during these days but details the good advice that is being given to graduates. A number of specimens appear in "Points and Lines" in this issue. It is a little sad, though, that, aside from commencements at specifically religious colleges, there should be almost no general attention paid to the complete human being; that even now it is not yet widely perceived (at least, judging from commencement addresses) that man lives on another level in addition to the commercial, the intellectual, the social, the moral. However, it was not of this that we started to speak, but of a certain incompleteness in the specifications laid down for graduates to follow. Mr. Bruce Bliven rightly wishes them to insist upon being told the truth by their newspapers; but he does not say (we rely on the news item, here and in every other case) just what is the character of truth, which makes it so good to have, nor even, more practically, what is the standard by which its full presence may be judged. Dr. Thomas Parran understandably wishes the social conscience to grow; but he gets in a blow for government medicine—that is what it looks like, anyway—which, in view of the controversy in Dr. Parran's own profession, might strike some as less than fair. Dr. Einstein, after some interesting personal sidelights on morality (about which he speaks with great confidence, even though it "is not a fixed and stark system"), tells the graduates that no country, because it feels itself secure, must be "indifferent" or "passive" while injustice is going on elsewhere. He does not tell them how they are to be internationally active against injustice and yet avoid the contingency of war—though there is reason to believe he does not regard war with favor. And Mr. Mark Sullivan, describing the collectivist ant-hill they are to avoid (to which we say "Amen"), still does scant justice to the anti-accumulation philosophy. It is right and sane to decry attacks on thrift; it is not really useful to lump those attacks with criticisms of monopoly and privilege.

WE ARE happy to announce that David A. McCabe, professor of economics at Princeton University and one of the founders and the first president of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, has joined the board of contributing editors of THE COMMONWEAL.

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Achieved Types of Catholic Action

By PAUL McGUIRE

CATHOLIC ACTION is in being. It is not an empty phrase or an idle vision. It is the most important historic fact of this moment. People who have thought seriously understand that the social problem is fundamentally a moral problem. We shall not mend society by manipulating the economic or political machinery, nor by local plasters upon local symptoms. Politics and economics are effects, effects of the prevailing moral values, of the moral climate. To understand Catholic Action is to understand this. To observe Catholic Action in being is to understand this. For there now visibly appears in those places where Catholic Action has its "achieved types," the shapes of a new social order. Up through the débris of the old order, a new Christian society is coming. Catholic Action is not only a possibility, it is an existing fact. And it is, I repeat, the most important historic fact of our time, the one which will, I believe, count more than any other in the oncoming century.

Compare, for instance, the growth of communism as against Catholic Action. Seventeen years ago, in an industrial suburb of Belgium, a young priest and two young Catholic workingmen surveyed their immediate world. It was a very bad world indeed. It had been officially estimated that 90 percent of the children who were leaving Catholic schools to work in the factories, mines and mills were lost to the Faith within a few months. The three men faced the situation squarely (if only Catholics everywhere would do that!). They observed it, they judged it, they determined to act. What could they do? Conquer themselves, they said, conquer their families, conquer their fellows in the parish, the boys beside them in the factory, the whole factory, the region, their country, the world, for Christ. They are doing it. Last July, in Paris, the three men saw 85,000 young men and women, Catholic workers, delegates of countless sections of their Young Christian Worker movement, gather from twenty-four different countries.

Communism has been actively propagating its ideas amongst the workers of the world and especially of Europe for two long generations. Last July, the Communists (as a kind of counterblast to *Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne*) also assembled a Youth Congress in Paris. It marshalled only 20,000. At every point where Catholic Action is effective, communism is in retreat. Catholic Action has discovered the one way to defeat communism, the one way, for that matter, to reform the abominable social mess in which communism grows. It is not the way of the basher. It is the way of charity.

Jocism has grown in Belgium and France, of late, at three times the rate of communism. There has never been social growth to compare with it. Anyone in the least familiar with the industrial areas of Belgium, of northern France, of Paris, knows that daily miracles are being wrought. The world is being won. And it is being won by the strong action of Catholic working men and working women, working boys and working girls. Their world is being won for Christ. Our world can be won too, if we want to win it, as Jocists want to win theirs.

I do not propose, in this article at least, to discuss the principles of Catholic Action. They are set out in the official handbook by Monsignor Civardi, which has been translated into English by Father Martindale. They should be read there. I do, however, want to insist that the definitions must be studied. Catholic Action is not any sort of Catholic activity of which we happen to approve. There are a great many admirable and necessary Catholic works which do not meet the definitions. Catholic Action has its own proper meanings and forms. We must get them clear in our minds. I make a special plea to America, whose Catholic devotion, resources, energies are obviously so great, to get this term right. It is my sincere conviction that the possibilities for Catholic Action are tremendous here, and many young American Catholics are superb material for the apostolate, but have not yet learned properly what it is. They should consult Civardi.

In Civardi are the principles common to all Catholic Action. But there also now appear common experiences, conclusions which may be drawn from the history of any of the "achieved types."

We know now, for instance, that Catholic Action is an affair of growth, not of social mechanics. It grows, like the mustard-seed. Consider Father Cardijn and his two young Brussels working men, and the great tree now sprung from their seed. We must resist the planner. Organization must come if we grow, but organization should only come when we need it and according to the needs which are revealed in the experience of growth. One could perhaps marshal the whole Catholic population in huge organizations, and while these may have specific uses in specific situations, they can never become the vital action of Catholics unless there is real upwelling life. The full forms, the defined structures of Catholic Action, will be given to us by the hierarchy when we are ready

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for them: but we must not mistake machinery for life. In the phrase of a New Zealand priest which the Countess de Hemptinne is fond of quoting, formal organization is the stick upon which the bishops may train a plant. But if there is no growing plant, then the stick is just another piece of dead timber in a landscape already littered with dead timbers.

There must always be a preliminary period, a period of formation for Catholic Action. Our Lord took three years to train the first Apostles, and by an odd coincidence, it is generally found nowadays that the first little group in any new province of Catholic Action will require three years for its spiritual and intellectual and social formation. It is usually found too it will be a group of about twelve. No matter how far a movement may spread, its vital life will always be in the little groups of about twelve: the Jocist section and the Australian Campion circle alike reveal this identical experience. There may be hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of groups in the whole federated structure, but the active unit is always the little group, and if it is lost sight of in an enthusiasm for wholesale organization, the movement will decline. Twelve (eight to fifteen, if you need a range) is the number which permits a sufficient play of the individual personalities, and disciplines them to a social corporation.

The formation of groups of this sort is the first need: and the formation must be a full formation. As individuals and as a group they must grow spiritually, intellectually, and in the life of action. They must grow together, and they must act together on the world about them. Spiritual and intellectual and active formation must be concurrent. They are, in fact, interdependent. Unless, for example, a study-circle is also growing spiritually, unless it is also engaged, from the first, in action, its studies will be sterile. Studies must be informed by grace, they must be determined and directed by the needs of action in the experience of acting.

What action? Action always in one's own milieu, one's own environment. We have as a general end the establishment of the reign of Christ throughout the whole world. But what does that mean to us as individuals? I, Jones, cannot reform the world. But I can tackle the job of my own little, personal world. If enough of us are reforming our own little worlds, then we are reforming the world at large. And I do not see any other way in which the world at large can be reformed except by a reform of the people who compose it. We can always do something, as the Jocists say, here and now. That, of course, is what makes the thing difficult for most of us. We are all ready to nurse our large vague sympathies, our large vague indignations: we are all ready to fume about this or that system, to demand action from this one or that one or someone. But very few of us, in the first instance, are prepared to start on ourselves, our families, our immediate environment, here, where we are.

Here, where we are. That too is a stumbling-block. It is easy to be an apostle after six o'clock, to go out of our own milieu and help the distressed, for instance. Heaven forbid that I should even seem to question the invaluable, essential exercise of the spirit of mercy: but we should remember that more, much more, is now required of us. We are required to be apostles in our own milieu, as well as ministers of mercy amongst the sick and the poor.

Our responsibility in Catholic Action is to the man next to us, whether he is next to us in a factory or in a newspaper-office or in a fashionable club. For some of us, the apostolate may be in a mine, for others in a golf-house or a university. Catholic Action is not a mission to the working class from on high. It is action *by* the Catholic worker for the workers, *by* the Catholic student for students, *by* the Catholic farmer for farmers. Specialized Catholic Action is not only the merest common sense: it is also provided for in the papal documents. The apostle to the working man must be the working man, the apostle to the employer must be the employer.

I lately heard, in one country or another, a group of university students talk of a superb plan for action in the working class. I wonder what they would have said if a group of workers produced a plan for action amongst university students. Yet, God knows, these certainly need help more. The men of comfortable worlds obviously owe it to other men to help them. But I know what a Jocist would say to this group. He would tell it to go and attend to the salvation of its own people in its own milieu first. And the Jocist would be right.

The apostolate is here and now, not there and later on. And it is always by the personal action of men on men. Its method is a method of growth. One person attaches a second, the second a third. They reach out to one another and to others. To all the desocialized individuals who make up those aggregates of population which we call cities and sometimes mistake for communities, we must restore community. We must give them new social support, sustenance, a new social frame, new social life. Communism and fascism both succeed because they give to the lonely individuals of Megalopolis a social support, a sense of cooperation and so of security within the warm body of a fellowship. We must do the same. But we incorporate in the Mystical Body, which must, when they realize it, mean so much more to men than any other society. We have an immeasurably richer society to offer them. That is why we must succeed, when we want to succeed.

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But if we are to make the world Christ's, we must first make ourselves Christ's. We must make our family, our friends, our acquaintances, the people we work with, the people we play with, all people to whom we can reach, Christ's. We should not forget for one instance that Catholic Action is a participation in the apostolate, and that an apostle is one sent to convert the world. We are each sent now to convert the world, the little world of our daily commerce. And we must find the right means to convert it. The obligation of Catholic Action is quite clear. It is a duty for every Catholic. But we cannot fulfil that duty until we are fit to fulfil it. Nothing should delay a Catholic from his preparation. Wherever two or three are gathered together, we must begin.

There is always something we can do, here and now.

Edward A. Pace

By LEO R. WARD

DR. EDWARD A. PACE, who died April 26, was well known to anyone who ever studied at the Catholic University of America and was for many years the dean of our Catholic philosophers. He was a plain democratic man and that rare sort of person who combined a love of metaphysics with an effective zeal for the use of modern critical method.

He thought that philosophy to be vital must always be modern. That was why in his own teaching and writing he used the modern approach to problems, why he used modern idiom and modern logic, why he kept his eye open for present movements and ideas and successes and demands, why he said that the student of philosophy must read even the popular magazine—to see which way the wind blows. His approach was empiric and modern. As a great American scholar has said, "Moderns must be modern." That is, they must use the critical or positive approach, they must base their conclusions on all available data; and if this is by no means the exclusively valid or the elementarily valid way, it is nevertheless the modern way and the only way that a modern man can understand. So Irving Babbitt thought, and so Dr. Pace seems to have thought.

The valid problems now are the problems given now by life, and it is in some sense irrelevant that they may be in fact quite ancient. Hence Dr. Pace devoted himself successively to empirical psychology, to problems of education, problems of law and citizenship, and then for ten or twelve years to the great cosmo-anthropological problem of teleology and purpose. "Is that a problem that they're all talking about?" he would ask a student. ". . . Why then take it?" And he asked a student to do a month's work in the philosophical magazines of the past decade or two, in order to find out which problems were then at the head of the list.

Philosophy must continue to work at its own problems of epistemology and metaphysics, and yet it must reckon as never before "with the findings of biology, psychology and sociology. During the past half-century, philosophical inquiry . . . has been spurred on by the very thing that at one time seemed to threaten its annihilation—I mean by the advance of those sciences whose methods lay claim to utmost exactness and whose achievements contribute so much to the welfare of humanity. Philosophy, in consequence, has been obliged to determine more accurately its own province, to scrutinize its methods and to test the value of its principles. It has been led, if not driven, to take account of new aspects presented by the older sciences and of new problems set before it by sciences which have sprung into existence and grown to power within our day."

Dr. Pace made this compact statement a dozen years ago. Philosophy must remain philosophy and can in no sense become empiric science; and even so he insisted that its approach and in part its method can and should be empirical. He wanted to join the relevance of the new to the wisdom of the old, and many, many times he repeated the famous motto, *nova et vetera*. Philosophy has to go to historical sources, it is hopelessly jejune if it does not; all the same, "we are not simply archeologists. . . . We cannot afford to lose contact with movements that are now exerting such an influence upon the thought of our country and winning recognition throughout the world." In other words, philosophy separated from the problems and methods and achievements of its time and place is without any breath of vitality.

The empiric approach and method fitted Dr. Pace's temper, it was something he learned well as one of the first two American students to work for the doctorate under Wundt, the father of empirical psychology, and it was demanded by the whole modern movement.

Philosophy cannot wisely "stand apart from the special sciences," and it must know its own historical and factual relations to theology. But it renders more effective service to theology "in proportion as it does its own work more thoroughly by clarifying its concepts and subjecting its

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reasons to the severest possible tests. I have called this the task of philosophy."

Dr. Pace's students know that whenever he so much as illustrated from Scripture, he began with a gesture and said, "This is theology, put this in parenthesis," and that when he concluded the illustration he said, "Close the parenthesis." He wanted to keep philosophy and theology formally distinct, of course, but he also wanted to keep the *odium theologicum* far from philosophy, and twice we heard him say in private, though we doubt that he ever said it in print or in public, that our philosophy will be better written when laymen write it. Laymen and clerics should begin philosophy at least as early as the first year of college: "that, in fact, is the only way I can think of to correct the false notion that Catholic philosophy is the exclusive business or possession of priests . . . there is need of developing the philosophical habit of mind. Unless this is done, our philosophy may enjoy the delights of the cloister, but it will not get far beyond."

He himself, I repeat, was of our time in interest, in approach, in idiom and logic; for fifty years he covered every important man or movement or work, and in 1926 and 1927 he gave what appear to me the best summed-up statements of the thought-movements of that time. Indeed, as late as 1937 he published an article which, though it lacked his original fire, showed him still competent in the thought and problems of our time.

What care and zeal he had for exactness! Mathematics, he said, is the model. He used to ask the student precisely what it was he wished to say in this or that paragraph. Then he'd say, "All right. Let's see now if you said it." He thus gave a training in self-honesty as well as in exact expression. Once he spent half an hour trying to find the word that would say exactly and with proper force what a student wished to say; in the quest, he turned to an Italian dictionary, and in memory to the poet Dryden and to the King James's version of the fifty-seventh chapter of the prophet Isaias.

He was more than exact, methodical and modern. This wise man was the model Christian scholar: as sharp as a serpent and as simple as a dove—a motto which, it seems to me, ought to reign in every Christian college, for Christian scholars ought to know with the most learned and also to be as simple as children. Dr. Pace was by position one of a hierarchy and an élite, but he had great respect for children and gardeners, and they all loved him. His teaching and writing were never guilty of pose, of any bombast, of mere eloquence; they were the honest expression of his careful search for reality and truth, and had such a quiet way about them that one could easily miss their depth and applicability and rigor. He was fond of understatement.

When he wrote in the first volume of the *New Scholasticism* (1927) that, since the publication of Janet's great work on final causes in 1874, "teleology has had its vicissitudes," hardly anyone knew he had perhaps as deep a knowledge of teleology as Hobhouse, who had spent forty years in a study of "Development and Purpose," and a wider and deeper knowledge than Henderson, who had written carefully on "The Order of Nature," though, as Dr. Pace remarked, without defining either order or nature. He seemed to see that the present elemental issue for human life, an issue in part precipitated by science and theory of evolution, is whether the world is directed or undirected, whether our life has some meaning or is caught in the iron grip of mechanicism.

Simplicity was in everything he did, including his quiet humor and an occasional spurt of anger. Once when he was at work on a July day on a manuscript, a man of distinguished position called on him, and exclaimed, "How can you work on such a thing on such a day!" Dr. Pace said nothing till the man went; then remarked, "It's clear that he'll do none of it, in any case." When a kind of lunatic came to him and proved that he was a former pupil of his, he only said, "Oh-ho, and that is what it comes to!"

He had and wanted very little equipment, and he perpetually worked overtime. Perhaps only this writer knows that part of Dr. Pace's greatest philosophical address—on "Substitution in Philosophy"—was written, as Lincoln's famous speech is said to have been, when the author was on the way to deliver it. And at last he said in print what he had said in a hundred ways in his life, that philosophy has to humanize itself. It has to be in contact with the interests and needs of people, and not to be "esoteric—for an elect." He was the ultimate social democrat.

A hundred years ago (August 31, 1837) Emerson spoke on "The American Scholar." He said that man is unhappily metaphomorphosed into a thing: man in the field to gather food but missing "the true dignity of his ministry," man the tradesman ridden by his craft, man the priest become a mere form. And what of the scholar? He can be a mere thinker, even a parrot. But "in the right state, he is man thinking."

Dr. Pace was an American scholar. Always as he taught he was thinking, and as he gave oral examinations he put the student at ease by thinking with him and never suggesting that he himself had all solutions. Yet he was an exact scholar, loyal to the higher learning, and not a brick-and-mortar man. He said, "Too long we have been regarded as a people and a clergy of great energy and zeal, building and organizing and defending all sorts of institutions, yet quite out of sympathy with higher intellectual pursuits. The day for such notions is past."

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Little Business Men Consolidate

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

THE LITTLE business men descended on Washington at a time when the economic problems of the country held the national spotlight. The sharp decline in business activity, which began in the autumn of 1937, had brought about a revival of the fears and uncertainties of 1933. From Maine to California, "little fellows" by the hundreds had been writing to Mr. Roosevelt, reciting their troubles, registering their complaints, volunteering advice, and in general unbosoming themselves. So the President decided to call a conference. And on February 2, a thousand or more representatives of smaller business met in the spacious auditorium of the Department of Commerce.

That Mr. Roosevelt really wanted to hear what smaller business had to say will readily be conceded. In the opinion of Washington observers, the administration hoped that the conference would also show two things: first, that the New Deal enjoyed in substantial measure the confidence and support of little business; and second, that in their respective attitudes toward current governmental policies, a sharp cleavage separated little from big business. What happened was exactly the reverse. For the arraignment of New Deal policies made by the conference of smaller business was as severe as any that had come from the "economic royalists" against whom, for many months, the presidential lance had been directed. Instead of heralding to the country a division in the ranks of business, the conference demonstrated that business was united in its criticism of certain New Deal policies and in its demand for relief from oppressive legislation. Politically, therefore, it was a boomerang.

Barring a few publicity seekers, the conference was made up of serious-minded business men, representing nearly every type of business, and every section of the country. They had paid their own expenses to Washington—for many a budget, a sizable item—in order to contribute what they could to shaping public policies, and finding a cure for the country's economic troubles. They had no previous organization and many of them were greenhorns in parliamentary procedure, so the uproarious scenes on the floor offered newspapermen a fine chance for sensational headlines. As a result, the public at large obtained a false impression of the character of the meeting.

The significant work of the conference was done not in the general meetings, but in the committees, each assigned to study and make report on a particular subject. Department of Commerce experts served as secretaries of these committees. The little business men, however, did their own talking and wrote their own regulations. Reports of the various committees not only represented much labor, but in the aggregate constituted a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the present-day problems of American business.

Though an examination of the reports reveals little personal criticism of the President, few major policies of the administration escaped sharp censure. In forthright declarations, the conference made it plain that small business stood shoulder to shoulder with big business in its hostility to repressive taxation, in its opposition to certain phases of the Wagner Act, in its insistence on a balanced budget, and in its demand that govment officials should stop their attacks on business.

After approving the reports of its various committees, the conference adjourned, leaving to the committee chairmen a double assignment: first, to present a summation of the recommendations to the President; and second, to work out a program for a permanent organization.

With its enthusiasm for New Deal reform legislation already waning, and uneasy over the future effect of the new depression on the 1938 elections, Congress was quick to sense the significance of the proceedings of the smaller business conference and the resolutions which resulted therefrom. The average congressman has far closer contacts with little business than with the big industrialists. To the run-of-the-mill congressman, the United States Steel Corporation, General Motors, or Standard Oil Company are vague and impersonal entities. It is otherwise with Bill Jones, who owns the little factory round the corner from the post office, and Harry Smith, who runs the largest department store in his home town, employing twenty persons. Both are old friends, and flesh and blood personalities. When Bill and Harry come to Washington and tell him that oppressive taxes are ruining their business, and that government interference is throttling reemployment in industry, their warnings win a response from the average congressman far greater than the fulminations of the captains of industry and finance.

Following the smaller business conference, congressional resistance to the administration and its reform policies noticeably stiffened. By revealing a "grass roots" opposition to reform and experimentation, and a "grass roots" demand for business relief policies in Washington, the little business men contributed much toward the reassertion in Congress of a more independent spirit. In the

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sidetracking of the reorganization bill by the House, the congressional revolt against executive domination attracted national attention.

On February 3, the conference of smaller business adjourned *sine die*. The little business men, however, continued their activities on other fronts. They formed many state and regional groups. They campaigned for members, held meetings, and canvassed the views of their fellow business men. Furthermore, they continued to send letters and suggestions to Secretary Roper. In order to present a consolidated report to the President, the Department of Commerce analyzed and classified this correspondence. The final report covered 3,700 letters. These came from every state of the Union. Approximately 67 percent of the letters came from the Northeastern States, predominantly industrial. The Southeastern States contributed 12 percent, and the states west of the Mississippi River, the remaining 21 percent. The distributive trades were most heavily represented, followed in order by service, manufacturing, professional, finance and construction. The letters show much concern over finance, taxation, government competition, labor and a desire for easier credit facilities. In the aggregate, they reveal two things: first, that the little business men of America are doing a lot of thinking; and second, the existence of widespread opposition to many New Deal policies.

In mid-March, the committee chairmen met in Washington to discuss plans for a permanent organization. Though they approved the plan for a permanent organization, Secretary Roper and other administration officials declined to take the responsibility for its establishment. So the committee chairmen, acting on their own, set up a permanent organization — the Nation's Smaller Business Council. James G. Daly of Columbus, Ohio, was elected the first president of the council. In the words of the committee, the aims of the new organization are: first, to afford adequate means for the owners and operators of smaller business to present their points of view to the government; second, to promote a better understanding between smaller and larger business, employer and employee, and between business and other economic groups; and third, to study and analyze the economic import of existing and proposed legislation, to support that which would advance the economic welfare of smaller business and the nation and oppose that which in its opinion would prove injurious.

As spokesman for little business men, the council has a fine opportunity to become a real force in national affairs. Under the yardstick used by the Department of Commerce, "little business" covers all manufacturing concerns employing less than 500 workers. According to the latest census figures, they make up in number 90 percent of our industrial establishments, and these companies do more than 60 percent of all the business in the United States. In the light of these figures, Assistant Secretary of Commerce Draper seems fully justified in saying that little business is the "backbone of the industrial life of America."

In a nation of 130,000,000 people, gigantic corporations are not only inevitable, but many of them render services which are only possible by virtue of their size and the magnitude of their operations. As Mr. Justice Brandeis points out, "the curse of bigness" may, however, be a very real evil. For the owners and managers of vast corporations can have no close personal relationships with their thousands of workers. Such personal relationships are not only commoner in smaller enterprises, but they often are a prime factor in their financial success.

In instinct and economic philosophy, the little business man shies away from both fascism and communism. As often as not, he established the business he now manages, and he knows that ambitious youngsters can still, under the American system, go into business of their own. Equality of economic opportunity remains a fundamental part of his faith, and the little business man naturally desires to conserve the system under which his initiative and enterprise have won their rewards. As he becomes organized, and more articulate, the bulwarks of the republic against both fascism and communism may well be strengthened. Among wage earners, his plea for the retention of the profits system is likely to be far more persuasive than that of the big corporation.

In his dreams the little business man of today may imagine himself one of tomorrow's Titans of industry. For a few, fulfilment may await their dreams. As practical realists, most little business men will be quite content, nevertheless, to remain in the lower-size brackets, provided that they can make a reasonable profit, and that the tax collector does not expropriate the full surpluses of prosperous years.

In banding together, little business men have proclaimed the virtues of "smallness." This may furnish a healthy antidote to the cult of bigness. Historians of tomorrow may see in the formation of the Smaller Business Council one of the year's most significant developments. It is too early to predict what influence it will have on legislation, and the processes of government, and to what extent little business men will contribute to a solution of our economic and social problems. There are obstacles and difficulties in the way of an effective organization. One thing, however, is plain. The small business man wants to conserve the essentials of the American system of free enterprise and increase his influence in national affairs. His future activities will therefore be watched with much interest.

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The Next War—Right or Wrong?

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

WAR IN itself, the most horrible of evils in the physical order, becomes immoral only when its origin, end and circumstances are bad. All the arguments that justify force in the vindication of individual rights are fully applicable to the political groups known as states. The natural law clearly authorizes the individual to defend himself against unjust aggression. The unjust aggressor has forfeited his right to physical integrity. In some conditions force is the only effective means of protecting rights which have been unjustly attacked or jeopardized. Were innocent and upright persons to refrain from defending their rights by physical means, the amount of evil and suffering in the world would be increased instead of diminished, for unjust men are always willing to use that weapon and they would be enabled to use it more frequently and more effectively. The right to war, therefore, is merely the state's right to self-defense.

Legitimate authority alone can assume responsibility for the assertion of moral right by armed might. War is too desperate a remedy to be entrusted to groups or factions within the state. Class interests would quickly prevail and wage war contrary to the public good. Individual citizens are still less qualified or empowered to judge what rights have or have not been invaded and to determine what aggressions justify the extreme measure of force. The folly of entrusting whole principalities to private corporations like the East India Company, the Hudson Bay Company and the International Association for the Development and Civilization of Africa led to many unjustifiable campaigns against the native population. The sword is a weapon too easily abused to be wielded by any but supreme authority in the State.

Definite demands for the rehabilitation of justice, couched in conciliatory language, should precede the formal declaration of war. The guilty party should be given an opportunity to cease his aggressions or to make reparation, and only after it is clear that delay would jeopardize the cause of justice, is it permitted to declare a state of war. Bismarck's premature publication of the Ems telegram on the eve of the Franco-Prussian War was fully as unethical as the arrogant ultimatum of his French rival. Twenty-four hours is a short time in which to weigh the consequences of a war which may embroil millions of people whose lives and happiness depend on peace.

Equally obvious is the necessity of an upright intention both in declaring and in waging war. In the World War our original righteousness of intention bade fair to be swallowed up in a passion of hatred skilfully excited by propagandists. We lost sight of the fact that it was not sufficient to have been actuated by honorable motives at the outset of the contest unless this same uprightness of will was maintained throughout the bitter days of strife.

But a nation that makes a trade of war will seldom avow its real intentions. Pretexts are the cloak of its malice. It is rare that a ruler will admit motives frankly as Frederick the Great, who declared that his *casus belli* against Maria Theresa of Austria was the vivacity of his temperament, his well-filled war-chest, a favorable opportunity and an ambition for glory. Our modern statesmen talk rather of maintaining the balance of power or of carrying the burden of backward civilizations.

What constitutes a just cause of war or in the language of Suarez a *causa proportionate gravis?* Since the right to wage war is fundamentally the State's right to self-defense, injury or the prevention of injuries forms the only justifiable cause of war. These injuries, moreover, must be genuine and grave, and war the only possible redress. The Spaniards, for example, were perfectly justified in expelling the Moors from Granada, but even their own jurists, such as Vitoria and Soto, ruled out difference of religion as a just cause of war against the Indians of Peru and Mexico. On the other hand, our war with Spain was utterly unjustified inasmuch as President McKinley and his Cabinet were in possession of clear evidence which cast serious doubt upon the "yellow press" version of the Maine disaster, while Spain had made every concession which reason or justice demanded. Armed intervention is essentially a measure of last resort.

Only the gravest wrongs can call for the extreme measure of force. The welfare of an aggrieved state as well as that of the aggressor state is better safeguarded through the toleration of relatively small grievances until such time as they can be removed through peaceful processes. Intense, therefore, as is the indignation against President Lazaro Cárdenas of Mexico because of his enforcement of iniquitous land and oil laws to the detriment of American rights and investments, no one feels that there is sufficient reason to set in motion the terrible engines of war with the consequent loss of life on both sides and suspicions which would be stirred up among all Spanish-American republics. Only when important, clearly defined rights have suffered serious and certain

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violation, after all the resources of diplomacy, mediation, arbitration and compromise have been exhausted, and when it is evident that the offense justifies the horrible consequences of war, then and only then is it licit to vindicate outraged justice by the sword.

A number of Christian moralists, such as the Reverend Francis Stratmann, suggest that the conditions of a just war cannot be verified in the modern world. Among other abuses of the right to self-defense these critics point out that "the souls as well as the bodies of men are sacrificed in every campaign." Modern war, it is claimed, means a wholesale commandeering not only of men and money, but also a heartless conscription of the individual conscience, a tyrannical domination over the minds, hearts and opinions of each and every citizen. In other words, from the moment the deadly time-table of the general staff takes over the movement of events, reason, truth and conscience are supplanted by expediency. And, these moralists add, if you think the religious leaders of the people act as a check or balance on the unrestrained emotions of wartime (the suggestion is thrown out with a taunt and a sneer), read what the reverend clergy said and taught in 1917-1918.

In fine, to take up the same question from another point of view, the more radical Catholic pacifists contend that the nature of war has undergone an essential change since the days of Thomas Aquinas, Suarez and Bellarmine. It is no longer an affair of armies, but a death struggle between whole peoples, waged as relentlessly in the field of propaganda as on the shell-swept No Man's Land between opposing trenches.

The next war, it is generally agreed, will wipe out the last vestige of immunity. Chemists, turning from ways and means to support life or utilize waste products, will devise deadly methods of poisoning the entire water or air supply of a nation. Biologists, ceasing their efforts to prolong cell-life, will strive to strangle the vital principle at its very source by unleasing millions of microbes that will attack the delicate fluids of the spine and tear down the tenuous membranes of lungs and heart. The minuter the missiles the mightier they are. The first projectile was a hand-thrown stone, but an arrow goes faster and farther than a stone. A rifle bullet travels at the rate of 500 yards a second and goes three miles. A molecule from an exploding shell travels at the rate of 5,000 yards a second and never stops at all. And lastly inventors are dreaming of a death ray that weighs nothing and travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. Verily the test-tube and microscope loom up as the Big Berthas of the future, a future which will witness not only the resurrection but the glorification to the *n'th* power of the old Clausewitz idea of the "Nation in Arms."

Unless we find a solution to the problem, it is probable, according to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, that some thousands of years hence our successors on this planet may be digging in the sands and forests to discover traces of our existence and evidence of our interests and recreations, as we now dig in Yucatan, Egypt and Mesopotamia.

Here we are confronted with what I consider the challenge to our principles of Christian philosophy. As Viscount Grey remarked, "War is the same word as it was a century ago, but it is no longer the same thing." If Saint Thomas were alive today, would he admit that war had undergone an essential change and that his principles do not apply to it, or would he contend that the principles of scholasticism are just as applicable today as in the thirteenth century? Is man individually capable of any degree of material civilization and collectively ever liable to recurrences of savagery? Is peace propaganda to be monopolized by the Socialists who do not cease to repeat, "Workingmen have no country"? Or will we be content with Count Metternich's cynical remark, "What the peoples want is not liberty, but peace"?

What can be easily verified is that our peace education is distressingly inadequate. Not long ago a study was made by three American college professors of twenty-four history texts and twenty-four supplementary readers, in order to ascertain the extent to which war is emphasized or favored in these school manuals. The investigation showed: an excessive amount of space devoted to war; the amount devoted to peace almost negligible; the discussion of war nationalistic, biased and in many cases flamboyant; the war illustrations reflecting only the glorified imaginings of the artists; very little telling of the real truths about war; and the great military leaders receiving vastly more attention than the conspicuous leaders in the arts of peace. An examination which was made of eight history texts widely used in our Catholic parochial schools disclosed the same mistaken emphasis. The proportion of space given to war varies from 16 to 35 percent, while the number of pages devoted to peace describe a descending scale from four to none.

Much depends upon the point of view developed in seminaries for the education of candidates for the priesthood. The courses in ethics and moral theology furnish an ideal opportunity of stressing the difficulty, if not moral impossibility, of verifying the conditions of a just war. The obligations of trying to respect, understand and love foreigners may be inculcated in the light of Christian teaching on the Mystical Body of our Saviour. Students will rapidly assimilate the view that incorporation in Christ forbids armed conflict or bitter campaigns of national vilification and slander.

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Appeals to self-interest are not entirely out of place in supplementing the duties of supernatural charity. If as one French Socialist deputy put it, "Every citizen is a soldier on leave," these same citizens might ponder what fate will be theirs when another Serajevo kindles the spark that enflames the world. If self-preservation is still the first law of nature, it should prove a powerful motive for keeping armaments within legitimate limits and the actual needs of national defense. It should teach respect for all the rights and immunities of others. It should be a lesson both in self-restraint as well as in moderation. It is to be hoped that men and women will read these lessons in the march of events before experience brands them into their consciousness with a hot iron. They might well look at the shadows which huge military and naval budgets throw before them, studying the evolution of war in its relation to life and happiness. And Christians might assume further responsibility in shaping the national character.

War is the result of sin on one side or the other; it is in the soul of each one of us that there is daily enacted the moving drama of love and hate, of truth and error, of peace and war. The issue is in our hands. Will we all remain resigned to our fate—or unite to make war impossible?

I Was on the Jury

By RUSSELL SCARGLE

I AM THANKFUL that I may now use the past tense. Jury service is a nuisance. Listed in high school textbooks as one of the duties of the good citizen, it impressed itself upon me only as a pain in the neck. I don't blame persons who pull strings to avoid jury service; I'll do it myself when I'm called again.

The next time you sit in a courtroom to witness the sharp interplay of legal minds, don't waste all your pity on the defendant. Keep some of it for the twelve luckless souls dragged away from their business by the alphabet and the laws of chance to sit in judgment upon their neighbors, and incidentally suffer indignities innumerable, all the while forming part of a system which they know to be expensive, inefficient and unjust.

I had never spent much time thinking about our jury system. In my ignorance, I supposed that it ran itself, that it was an effective, well-oiled part of the social mechanism. I know better, now.

Some months ago, I served a two weeks' term as petit juror in a Criminal Court. I wondered why my name had been drawn from thousands. Upon inquiry, I learned the procedure. The poll books containing the names of all registered voters serve as the basic record. First the names of all women voters (they should be happy about this) are scratched out. In my state, women do not serve as jurors. A clerk checks off every tenth one of those remaining; these men receive a notice to appear before the commission. This minor ordeal brought out such elementary facts as my age, place of birth, and amount of formal education. I was then engaged in conversation by an ancient jury commissioner. This was my "sizing up." Apparently I convinced the old gent that I knew the difference between right and wrong. "You have a good card," he said. "We'll send you a summons within six months."

At nine o'clock on my first day of service, I appeared in the bull pen, the name given by all jurors to the uncomfortable quarters where they await assignment to courtrooms. I was reminded of a large railroad terminal. A dozen hard benches were placed back to back. Cigar and cigarette smoke made visibility poor. A third of my fellow jurors were immersed in the morning paper; the rest just sat and stared. Up front a grey-haired bailiff began his twenty-third year of a never-ending game of solitaire. This is the room in which I am to sit, hour upon hour, during the next two weeks, awaiting my all too infrequent calls to the jury room.

I survey the group, wondering if I am looking at a cross-section of American manhood. The answer is "No." I recall the great host of men exempted from jury service by statute: the governor, certain subordinate officers of the state, postmasters, mail carriers, doctors, dentists, lawyers, school teachers, pharmacists, ministers, constant ferrymen, policemen, firemen, undertakers, newspapermen, mayors of cities, anyone who has served in a volunteer fire department for seven years, judges and clerks of election during their terms and for two years afterward, and members of the national guard and naval reserve during their terms and for an equal period thereafter. I begin to wonder how some defendants—members of the professional class, for instance—could find among us a jury of their peers.

Now I hear the voice of the Chief Justice, telling us what is expected of jurors. We must be in the bull pen promptly at quarter of ten on each day of service. Once there, we must not leave unless excused or accompanied by a bailiff. We must not discuss any trial, either among ourselves or with our friends, either before or after a verdict has been reached.

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We discover why 150 jurors are necessary. Seven judges are constantly trying cases in the Criminal Court. Usually not all are jury trials, but theoretically all could be. Eighty-four jurors might thus be hearing evidence simultaneously. Since not every person is acceptable to both parties to a litigation, a number of "extras" is always required. It has been found that 150 jurors meet all normal needs.

Chance determines which jurors are selected for any given courtroom. At eleven o'clock Judge Brown is ready for People vs. Joe Doak. The defense has asked a jury trial. A hundred and fifty names are placed in a hat. A clerk of the court, blindfolded, extracts twenty-four. The jurors thus selected are marched to the courtroom for questioning by prosecution and defense.

Another case is called in Judge Green's court, and the process is repeated. The moment a juror is dismissed, either by an attorney before testimony starts, or by the reaching of a verdict, his name goes back into the hat, and he is eligible for the next case. Thus it is possible for a juror to serve his term and never be called to the courtroom. As a matter of fact several of my fellow jurors received their $5 a day for sitting and waiting. I didn't do much better. A complete tabulation of my ten days at court shows that the state paid me $51.70 for sitting on one case and declaring my conviction that one F. S. was not guilty of driving an automobile while intoxicated.

Fifty dollars covers ten days' service at $5 each; the $1.70 is for one day's round trip carfare from my home to the court building at $.05 a mile. Presumably the method of payment is an anachronism, dating back to the days of horse-and-buggy locomotion. Then you stayed at the county seat during your entire term. You signed up for a hotel room in the vicinity of the courthouse, which, together with your meals, came to $5 a day. Obviously, under those conditions, carfare for one round trip was sufficient.

Since my employer paid my regular salary during the period of my service to the commonwealth (other employers, I found, were not so generous), jury duty netted me $51.70 worth of gravy. "Not bad," you say, in fond expectation of the day your name is drawn. But I say, with the hearty approval of my fellow jurors, that $51.70 is little enough for the ennui, the discomfort and the indignity to which we were subjected.

I had looked forward, as I suppose others have, to jury service as one of the most interesting experiences of my life. My picture, as I see it in retrospect, was of one rousing good murder trial after another, with district attorneys making impassioned pleas for the protection of helpless women and children, and clever defense lawyers jerking buckets of tears from jurors' eyes. No provision had been made in my thoughts for violations more prosaic and less serious than murder; for district attorneys less capable and dramatic than Thomas Dewey and Thomas Courtney; and for defense attorneys less emotional than Clarence Darrow. But, most important of all, no provision had been made for the endless hours of waiting. I have said that I served on but one case during my ten days of bondage. That lasted a day and a half. The other eight and a half were spent testing the hardness of wooden benches and listening to my fellow jurors voicing complaints with which I entirely sympathized.

"Jury service wouldn't be so bad," said one, "if you were always listening to a case. This endless waiting's getting me down."

"I almost wish I were over there," said another, nodding at the county jail. "At least you know what's ahead of you."

"I can't for the life of me see why they need so many of us," was the opinion of a third. "Half this number would be plenty."

I pondered this statement. There were 150 of us, yet at no time during our ten days were more than seventy out of the bull pen at one time. What was a source of ennui to us was expensive to the taxpayer. Still, the Chief Justice had pointed out that if all seven judges were holding jury trials simultaneously, eighty-four jurors would be required, not allowing for challenges.

"But that," said a fourth fellow juror, "is poor engineering. It's like a department store having the same force all year around that's required to handle the Christmas rush."

Whatever the mathematics and engineering, I told myself, my biggest complaint concerned the place where we must do our waiting. I have already mentioned the hardness of the benches. If your taste happens not to run to pinochle or checkers, your recreation is limited to talking and reading. Talking for two weeks on the subject, "the monotony of jury service," becomes a pretty tedious business. Reading would be satisfactory if only the wattage of the lamps were increased; as it is, the average juror reads until his head aches from poor light or cigar smoke. Then he talks some more on the only subject his fellow jurors know, until, by the luck of the draw, he takes his headache to the courtroom to try to give some poor defendant a square deal.

Occasionally the dullness of the conversation is broken by a juryman gifted with imagination. His words prove but another variation of the one sickening theme—the weariness of waiting.

"We don't know a thing that's going on in this building," he sighs. "Not a bulletin board anywhere. All we have is a clock—which half the time I think has stopped. I'd give my right arm for a good radio program."

At last, lunch time! I am to be rewarded with

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fresh air and a good meal. All I get is fresh air. The dives which pass for restaurants in the vicinity of the courthouse are third-rate taverns. The bread is stale, the meat tough and the preponderant odor is that of beer—all right in its place, but hardly soothing to that headache I've developed.

I return from lunch at the hour appointed by my jailor—pardon me, bailiff. I am refreshed by having seen the sunshine, and by having talked to one person, my waitress, on a subject other than the tedium of jury service. I settle down once more to the dreary business of waiting, and if I am lucky, a kindly sleep steals over me. I awake with a start as the bailiff calls my name. At long last! I am to leave the stifling bull pen and observe the skilful parry and thrust of opposing lawyers. My destination has been reached; I am to sit in the jury box.

I sit in the jury box all right—for about five minutes. One of the defense attorneys has decided not to rest his client's fate in my hands; he exercises his right of peremptory challenge. I am consigned once more to the bull pen. On my way back I begin to wonder if there *is* any justice—for jurors. Back in the smoke-filled room I wonder why I was dismissed from the case.

"That's easy," says a fellow juror. "Didn't he ask about your college education? He's got a weak case and he knows it. You'd be too smart; he wouldn't be able to pull any wool over your eyes. When a lawyer's man is guilty, he likes a bunch of morons on the jury."

I was flattered by my friend's reasoning. But I couldn't believe he was right. Was this the meaning of the high-sounding phrase, "a jury of one's peers"? A jury so stupid that a clever lawyer may close its members' eyes to justice and right? A sign hung out, "Intelligence not wanted"? I was soon to discover that this was truly the situation. There had been a number of interesting occurrences in my brief turn in the courtroom—occurrences I did not understand but which I would try my best to fathom.

I walked to the front of the bull pen where the grey-haired bailiff was still playing solitaire.

"Pardon me," I said, "is there a law library in this building?"

"No!" he growled, looking at me as if I belonged in the jail next door.

"Where may I learn something about criminal procedure?"

He slapped down his cards in disgust. "You won't make a good juror if you're interested in such things. What are you, a lawyer?"

"No," I said, "just a little curious."

His eyes followed me as I turned and sheepishly walked away. With a strange feeling of guilt, I made my way back to the hard bench to await my next call to the jurors' box.

If you think that adverse "working conditions" have no effect on the way the juror's mind works, consider two cases:

The following facts were related to me by one of my fellow jurors. He and eleven others had listened to the evidence in a trial for burglary. The first vote was eight to four, for acquittal. The second was six to six. So were all subsequent votes. It began to look as if the jury would be locked up for the night. (There is no greater horror in the minds of jurors than such a prospect. If you are the defendant and your jury is locked up for the night, don't hold out too much hope; almost anything may happen.) In this case, justice almost took a ride. After about a dozen six-to-six votes, one bright juror suggested that they reach a verdict by tossing a coin, and go home. This sounded so plausible that ten others agreed to its wisdom. But for the twelfth juror, the friend who told me the story, the defendant's guilt or innocence would have been decided by the toss of a coin! My friend's explanation of his heroic conduct: "You can't trust eleven men to keep their mouths shut."

Another case demonstrated that a jury, like an army, travels on its stomach. It is well known among jurors that if you are sitting on a case when lunch time rolls around, the county provides your lunch—and a very fine lunch at that. In this case, a trial for drunken driving, the jury filed out for deliberation at quarter of twelve. The foreman asked the bailiff how long the jury must deliberate to qualify for a free lunch. "Don't worry about that," was the reply, "you'll get a free lunch out of this case."

The foreman was still dubious. "But when?" he asked.

"Just as soon as you reach a verdict."

The jury deliberated just ten minutes. One ballot was sufficient. The defendant was found guilty and—the jurors got their free lunches.

Yes, I was on the jury. The next time my name is drawn. . . .

Deserts

I had in mind a picture of deserts
Because I had not seen them:
Wide sands, blinking in the sun,
Glittering in the wind,
With perhaps pyramids.

But when I learned they were
Ridges and rocks and gravel and grass,
Cactus and clay and many patterns,
I lost my picture in mind.

A desert needs an adjective.
The more we learn of a matter
The more difficult it is to speak of it.

KEITH THOMAS.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

TAKING UP a magazine haphazardly I began to read where the pages opened without knowing the writer's name, or the title of his paper. Scarcely had I read a sentence or two before my idle attention was caught and intensified, not only by the ideas presented, and the living force of their presentation, but also by a sense of familiarity—that delectable sort of familiarity that comes, at first without full recognition of the source, when you hear a piece of good music, and which is followed by full satisfaction when you identify what you are hearing. It was in that magazine which is always rich in good reading, the *Catholic World,* that I had this experience, and what I had chanced upon was an extract from a book which I first read nearly twenty years ago, and which powerfully impressed me: "The Church and the Age," by Father Isaac Hecker, the founder of the Paulists, the first religious congregation of men to be established in the United States.

It may be that there are other books which deal with the great problems of religion, particularly those that are bound up with the apparently opposing principles of authority and liberty, more lucidly and justly than does "The Church and the Age," but certainly in all my own reading of religious literature, I have never found them. I greatly hope that this quotation from a real masterpiece is a sign that Isaac Hecker's writings are to be restored to the world again after a long period during which they have been out of print, or withheld from circulation because of the unfortunate circumstances which half a century ago accompanied the publication of a biography of Isaac Hecker, and involved the great Catholic convert and founder of the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle (the Paulist Fathers) in a now defunct controversy over what was termed "Americanism," a movement of thought that was suspected of being unorthodox. It was a French translation of Hecker's biography that threw a passing cloud upon Hecker's work, rather than anything ever said or written by him, for the leaders of the Church in America testified to the fact that he had never countenanced, still less had he promulgated, any deviation from, or minimizing of, the full Catholic doctrine.

Anyhow, it was a great pity that such writings as those of Isaac Hecker should have dropped out of sight, for they would have supplied—and still may supply—a need that few other writers are capable of meeting. His work has been compared to that of Cardinal Newman, by no less an authority than Newman himself, who wrote, on the occasion of Hecker's death: "I have ever felt that there was a sort of unity in our lives, that we had both begun a work of the same kind, he in America, and I in England." The similarity between these two great men was not one of style of writing, for Newman was a much greater artist and a deeper thinker than the American, although the latter was more profoundly a mystic than was Newman. But both men were alike not merely in the fact that they were converts to Catholicism, and founders of religious societies, and great preachers and writers, but also in the fact that they were both highly representative citizens of their respective nations who without abating anything of their force and convictions as members of their respective nations bore convincing testimony to the supra-national truth of the Catholic religion to their own people.

Father Isaac Hecker was the son of German parents, but born in New York, and he was typically American, especially in his love for and devotion to the free institutions of his native land. His written work is especially notable for the power with which it illustrates the harmony of our fundamental American institutions with the doctrines of Catholicism. The false notion that the Church was a foreign thing, innately anti-democratic, was very powerful in Hecker's lifetime, and he performed a great work in overcoming it. Today, as the whole world is being swept by new storms of bigotry and intolerance and falsehoods, that old error is showing itself again in the United States.

The Paulist Fathers of today are worthy champions of the spirit and the teachings of Father Hecker—and, indeed, so are all our clergy, because Hecker derived his free spirit from its perennial source, the divine doctrine of the Church. But the work of the clergy, and the cooperation with them of the American laity, in the work of opposing all forms of State tyranny, and pagan movements, would be immensely strengthened by the reissue of Isaac Hecker's writings. Let us hope that the extract in the *Catholic World* is a sign that so desirable an event will soon be realized.

Communications

NEEDY GERMAN CATHOLICS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Although some time has passed since the appearance in THE COMMONWEAL of the article "Terror in Vienna," by Mr. George N. Shuster, perhaps we are not too late to convey to you convincing and full assurance of our deep gratitude for the mentioning in that article of our Catholic Refugee Committee.

A few hundred dollars had been received by our committee, in response to this appeal of Mr. Shuster, which speaks more than anything else, perhaps, of the forcefulness and excellence of the article.

It must be regretted that so very many seem still to be ignorant of the existence of the Committee for Catholic Refugees from Germany in this city, although that committee has been functioning for more than a year and a half, in caring untiringly for the poor refugees, who in ever-increasing number appeal for aid and consolation. We know not, if perhaps through our own fault, the operations of this committee have remained unknown to the public, but certainly we must be grateful for the reference to the committee in your distinguished weekly, through which, perhaps more than anything else, judging from the financial response, the existence of the committee had been propagated.

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We believe that our Catholic people will not and cannot remain unmoved by the distress of so many thousands of their brethren, who have become exiles from their beloved fatherland, because of persecution they had to suffer and because through religious convictions, they chose to be Catholics, serving and fearing God rather than man.

It requires only that our people be made acquainted with the place where they might send their donation to offer cooperation; and certainly the mention in your article, that contributions should be sent to the Most Reverend Stephen J. Donahue, treasurer for the Committee for Catholic Refugees from Germany, 123 Second Street, New York City, has served to furnish this information.

We can only hope that through continued reference to this committee in your paper, you may further your splendid cooperation that has proven so great an encouragement to us, and so valued an assistance to the distressed refugees.

Rev. Joseph D. Ostermann, *Executive Director, Committee for Catholic Refugees from Germany.*

HOUSES OF HOSPITALITY

Flushing, N. Y.

TO the Editors: There is something about honest zeal that makes one hate to argue against it; but facts are facts and sentiment should not take the place of common sense. Neither Katherine Burton nor Julia Porcelli, in the May 27 issue of The Commonweal, got the point of my letter, which said nothing in dispraise of existing houses of hospitality but only argued the futility of establishing 2,000 more. Poverty is a social sore and keeping it clean does not necessarily mean healing it. Jobs and not charity must do that.

Now as to the WPA workers I was not stating my own little possibly wrong opinion. I stand ready to prove my statement with the strength of general opinion. Their lassitude along the highways is a standing joke to the residents of my borough. In fact, Queens is the greatest house of hospitality in the world! A few years ago we rode on a tour of observation as guests of the park commission and visited park projects from Astoria to Riis Park. It was whispered throughout all three buses how few laborers were actually working. Thirty percent would be a generous estimate. And they had warning of our coming by the sirens of our police escort! Now surely they could not have all been sick or hungry! The gangs working in my own immediate neighborhood are blatant enough testimony to condemn the system. The Borough President will bear me out in this.

To me, the parable of the loaves and fishes is not aptly applied by either of my adversaries. Those who followed Christ and were fed were not idle human beings in want. They were average mortals who were willing to forego eat and drink in their zest for the sustenance of Christ's words. The loaves and fishes did not correspond to charity but to a greater Sustenance, even yet being offered across altar rails to beggar and millionaire alike. Julia Porcelli puts a poetic interpretation upon houses of hospitality when she says they are any homes, however humble. Dorothy Day had not alluded to any such sublime institutions in her original article. I try to keep my home such, to the best of my limited ability. A home door is a wonderful clearing-spot for fit and unworthy. Only the worthy dare knock a second time!

Now I answer as to personal credentials. I have been concerned actively with practically every charity in Queens. I have traveled the route with many a public health nurse and I've been a Big Sister. But Katherine is saying that this is all objective; that still I admit no understanding through actual sharing. So here is the personal side. I have been a child cold and in need of soup. I have known my father to have tramped the streets for months looking for assignments, and come home with that terrible hopelessness of a brave man licked. But my father could not have been bribed by a place to be warm and fed while mother and sis and I were waiting for him to get a job! And though I have since stood before this father's carving in a great museum of art, I was not any prouder of his memory then than I was in recalling him coming home pale and spent at the end of a day and saying, "I tramped for eight hours steady. . . ."

Of course I know that projects like Peter Maurin's are a Godsend to many, but I reiterate my point that the public is bled too dry to support thousands more. The ideal way would be to close existing houses, for lack of guests—but that is talking Utopias! In the meantime I must still assert that no real man or woman wants the public to pay for his upkeep as long as his legs are steady, his arms strong and his brain keen.

Marie Duff.

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: May I, as one having experience, reply to Miss Duff's letter in the May 6 issue?

First, if she had ever come in contact with a house of hospitality, and seen the guests, the "Ambassadors of God," pitch in, scrub, paint walls, wash their clothing, and cook for and serve other guests, she could not, in honesty, speak of "helping a small percentage of the worthy," etc. (Years ago one of the children's magazines had a rather profound little poem about someone who spent an entire day looking for "the worthy poor" to help, only to have someone raise the question at the end as to how many of the rich were "worthy rich.")

Second, I disagree violently that "hope is never restored by ministering to a man's physical needs," and I don't see how any woman, who knows the almost miraculous effect a wave, a new hat or even a rather special lunch can have upon an almost non-existent morale, can make such a statement.

Of course, I agree that "hope lives only in the feeding of the human heart with the fact of its owner's usefulness in the scheme of life," but here again I maintain that if the lady could see the energy and devotion which the men put into their jobs in the house of hospitality with which I am familiar, she would agree that the men have that basis for hope.

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As to the men who, faint with hunger, refused a dime, I think a Catholic Worker, or even a plain Catholic, would ask them in to *share* some refreshment, if only coffee and a slice of bread.

As for the sweeping indictment of the WPA highway laborers, I wonder if the lady has talked with "thousands of Queens housewives" that she speaks for them so confidently?

As for Dorothy Day, I do not believe that she was asking hard-pressed individuals, who have a hard time keeping a mortgaged roof over their children, to build 2,000 houses of hospitality, even though the poor are usually sublimely generous to their fellow poor. I don't think houses of hospitality are usually built; they are generally rented, and St. Joseph sends the rent, somehow. If the needy could, as the lady suggests, "plan, build and equip" houses of hospitality, they would scarcely be needy—the land, equipment and building materials necessary would put them quite definitely out of the needy class. Furthermore, there is in most cities a rather definite prejudice against building done by non-union labor, and men whom years of unemployment and economic depression have brought to the situation of those sheltered in the houses of hospitality have not always been able to keep up their union memberships. However, if the means of providing these can be found, it would be a fine work, and I hope she succeeds in starting it.

The parable of the laborers in the vineyard is usually interpreted as referring to the reward in heaven, not necessarily as a social or economic teaching. On the other side of the question, Our Lord seems to have put the works of mercy first when He told the two disciples of Saint John the Baptist: "The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

Jobs are, of course, a very important answer, though hardly the single answer, since we cannot let Our Lord, in the person of His children, go cold and hungry and shelterless, while we hope for an economic order that will provide jobs. While most of us are not in a position to find or make jobs for people, we can at least help them to help themselves and to help each other in houses of hospitality.

MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

Binghamton, N. Y.

TO the Editors: People who have never known want cannot appreciate the mental stress of those who are hungry, poorly clad and have no shelter of their own. Unemployment and the ensuing poverty produce something in the mind of the unfortunate human that the well-fed, well-dressed and well-paid can never understand. When you realize what Miss Day and her Catholic Worker group are doing, not only in New York, but elsewhere, I think everyone who can should do something to help. It isn't possible for everyone to follow in her footsteps, but it is possible to give her support in this great and noble undertaking.

We Catholics are often very smug and think in placing our regular envelope on the plate on Sunday that our duty has been performed. Until we learn to practise some form of self-denial in order to help God's poor, I am afraid we will be found wanting on the last day.

M. O'L.

CLOISTERS WITHOUT MONKS

Columbus, Ohio.

TO the Editors: Allow me to suggest to readers of THE COMMONWEAL that after they have read your timely and most appropriate comments on the new cloisters in Fort Washington park they look with a new and appraising eye at the religious surroundings amid which they are accustomed to worship. I am very greatly mistaken if some of your scathing comments on the cloisters, so called, do not attach to our contemporary church architecture as well, only with this added stigma. Whereas the cloisters are a lovely if stillborn reproduction, our churches, were the sacramental life removed from them, would simply be garish and ugly with rare exceptions.

The reasons for this are easy to understand. First, popular opinion within the church is practically dormant; and second, the architect is too often forced to put the cart before the horse in order to create "ecclesiastical atmosphere" instead of a real house of worship. A cursory study of the architecture of the past shows one thing clearly—that until the time of the Baroque, "atmosphere" was never sought as an end in itself but was the by-product, so to speak, of loving care and truth of construction. If the lack of these qualities are deplorable in a museum, how much more are they in the Living Church?

That the House of God should be of less artistic worth than many of our civic and industrial buildings is a tragedy. Shouldn't we apply Father Vann's suggestion and produce an "integralist architecture" which frankly takes pleasure in the use of contemporary materials and is based on the proper performance of and the closest possible participation in the liturgical life?

WALTER KNIGHT STURGES.

CONGRATULATIONS

Houma, La.

TO the Editors: Please enter my subscription to THE COMMONWEAL at once on your list.

It was a genuine pleasure to read your declaration of policy. At last one will not have to depend only on the *Catholic Worker, Blackfriars* and *Temps Présent* for accurate accounts of progressive Catholic thought.

REV. JEROME A. DROLET.

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editors: My sincere congratulations on the new make-up in print and thought of THE COMMONWEAL.

With the communists bombarding us from the left and the fascists bombarding us from the questionable right, we poor Christian democrats will have to catacomb ourselves in the pages of such magazines as your own. And may there be always a light in the catacombs!

PAUL MCCANN.

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Points & Lines

Helping the Farmer

AFTER five years of steady rise of American farm income, intensive cultivation, good weather conditions and some increased acreage give every indication of a big slump in income. According to the New York *Times:*

> This week . . . July wheat sold at 67⅝ cents a bushel compared with $1.13⅞ a year ago; corn at 53⅝ cents compared with $1.21¾ a year ago; oats at 25⅜ cents compared with 44⅝ and rye at 50½ cents compared with $1.01½. The *Annalist* index of all sensitive commodity prices has fallen to the lowest levels of 1936 and the *Journal of Commerce* index has broken to the lowest point since June, 1934. . . . Because of greatly shrunken domestic prosperity not as much cotton is being taken even at the reduced prices. Mill consumption in April was the smallest of any April since 1932. . . . Restriction schemes to help the farmer to raise his prices at the expense of everybody else do the farmer himself little good in the long run.

This view fails to mention another factor referred to by Bishop A. J. Muench of Fargo, N. D., in the first issue of the *Catholic Rural Life Bulletin:*

> The tariff, once intended for revenue only, and then devised to protect infant industries, has hurt agrarianism very much. It has been instrumental in a large way in bringing about the disparity of prices between industrial and agricultural commodities. In effect, it is a tax on the farmer and a heavy tax. The farmer too has sought to protect his dairy products, wheat, tobacco, wool and other agricultural commodities by demanding a protective tariff. It has not accomplished much, for the reason that the farmer must sell his surpluses in foreign markets. The tariff is a double-edged sword; it protects, but it also leads to retaliation. Manufacturers are able to escape the consequences of retaliation by building their factories in other lands. The farmer . . . cannot move part of his farmstead to Canada as Ford and General Motors have done with part of their automobile plants.

The immediate remedy for such bounties of nature will undoubtedly parallel the plans of the Chicago regional conference between wheat growers and AAA officials, as reported in the *Times:*

> Farmers will probably be asked to reduce their fall and spring wheat plantings for harvest next year approximately 30,000,000 acres under this year's approximate 80,000,000 acres . . . to protect growers against excessively low prices. The AAA men . . . are considering also wheat loans on the 1938 crop, government crop insurance as it affects wheat, and parity payments—all means of encouraging farmers to curtail their production of wheat.

A more long-range remedy would seem to substitute primarily subsistence for one-crop, big-business farming together with a general industrial and agricultural decentralization. The characteristics of such a new American economy are indicated by Dr. Ehrenfried Pfeiffer in *Free America:*

> Humus-conserving methods would make intensive cultivation possible. The individual would be as though imbedded in an intensive garden cultivation. As a primal unit of the social structure, he would function most in village communities. Larger centers would be necessary only for administration and schools. Today there are many benefits of decentralized industry. In Switzerland factory workers often have their own gardens or do piecework in their homes as in Japan and those industries withstood the depression far better than the average. Workers steadied once more by the soil are capable of new social adjustment.

Class of 1938

AMERICAN schools and colleges are holding their commencements thick and fast these days, so thick and so fast that it is only possible to winnow a very few grains of corn from the crop for inclusion in a bare column of space. Those who find commencement platforms a convenient rostrum for expressing political views have afforded a few amusing contrasts. George B. Cutten, president of Colgate University, informed the graduating class of the Riverdale Country School, New York City, that "God is a reactionary." He added:

> Most of you believe in social security for the old, but I would rather see a few old people suffer than see the race go soft.

Mark Sullivan, speaking at Russell Sage College, Troy, N. Y., vividly stated the case for rugged individualism:

> I do not wish to be an ant in a hill. And while a bee leads a more desirable life than an ant, in that the bee lives above ground and spends much of his existence among attractive flowers, in the atmosphere of agreeable aromas—nevertheless I do not wish to be a bee. There is in the life of the bee a certain uninterruptedness of work, and a certain servitude, a certain submission to discipline, a denial of individual initiative, which does not allure me. Besides, being politically and democratically minded, I should want to have a hand in selecting the head of the hive—which I understand is not the practise among bees.

Governor La Follette of Wisconsin, speaking at Dartmouth, reiterated the national basis for his third party's policies:

> America can make a far greater contribution to the state of this world by putting her own house in order and setting an example for the other nations. . . . There are two main problems facing the country today. The first is to have a government which can deal with national problems without becoming tyrannical, and the second is to take collective action without stifling the responsibility of the individual.

Dr. Albert Einstein, speaking at Swarthmore, gave an interesting analysis of the reason for the weakening of moral thought and sentiment in the modern world:

> The causal and objective mode of thinking—though not necessarily in contradiction with the religious sphere—leaves in most people little room for a deepening religious sense. . . . And because of the traditional close link between religion and morals, that has brought with it in the last hundred years or so a serious weakening of moral thought and sentiment. That to my mind is a main cause for the barbarization of political ways in our time.

On the more purely educational front, we learn that a doctor's degree for distinguished achievement in "cinematography" has been conferred by the University of Southern California upon Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse. And President Roosevelt had some very good advice for the graduating class at Annapolis:

> No matter whether your specialty is naval science, or medicine, or the law, or teaching, or the church, or the civil service, or public service—remember that you will never reach the top and stay at the top unless you are well rounded in your knowledge of all the other factors in modern civilization that lie outside of your own special profession.

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But the new note in 1938 commencement exercises is that of deploring the lack of opportunity for the young hopefuls in the depressed economic world of the moment. In Colorado, the McClave High School carried a banner headline in the commencement number of its school paper: "WPA, here we come!" In recent months the American Youth Commission has had investigators at work listening to "youth tell its story" among 13,000 Maryland young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. The specific results make discouraging reading, showing a widely prevalent condition of apathy. Says Mr. Howard M. Bell of the American Council:

> If there is anything in the nature of the present situation for sober adults to view with alarm, it is not that you will rise in revolt against the sober programs and policies of antiquated institutions that are intended to serve them, but that they will, with a supine meekness, continue to accept these programs and policies exactly as they inherit them.

A survey conducted by the Associated Press shows conclusively that "WPA, here we come!" is no adolescent jest. There is little likelihood, according to college and university placement bureaus, that many of this year's 148,000 new college graduates will find jobs. And yet, as the *Christian Century* in a long editorial points out, it was not to get jobs that they should have gone to college:

> In the long ago . . . my father and mother stood upon the same platform and successively uttered their baccalaureate hopes to the assembled friends. . . . No one had persuaded them to go to college by arguing that education would enable them to make more money or give them a better chance to get to the top of the heap. They were more interested in bettering the heap than in getting to the top of it. . . . Life is a dangerous business. But it is a good risk.

Mexico's Many Fronts

THE MILITARY situation of the Mexican government of President Cárdenas is apparently firm, but, according to the New York *Times:*

> In a nation-wide broadcast President Cárdenas acknowledged the gravity of the country's economic difficulties and said that development of Mexico's natural resources was necessary to meet them. . . . "This government has stretched out its hand to the humble and will triumph or fall with them."

General Cedillo and his lieutenants are still at large, and although federal forces in the region have been reduced, the government is not confident the uprising has passed. The *Times* also reports, and quotes *Ultimas Noticias:*

> In the Rio Verde section of San Luis Potosi, the Cedillo lieutenants, Pascual Gerard, a specialist in wrecking trains, and Ramon Rivera, a specialist in sacking, still have not surrendered to federal troops. . . . It is recalled that with only 500 men he [Cedillo] operated in the San Luis Potosi hills for six years in the time of President Venustiano Carranza.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* treats the uprising as past:

> Cárdenas was at all times master of the situation and was able to deal magnanimously with his foes after the revolt was crushed. Among other things, he divided large amounts of land among the peons of Cedillo's state. . . . Its failure to catch fire throughout the country indicates a far greater measure of solidarity among the people than formerly existed.

An N.C.W.C. news report in the *Catholic News* gives the following background:

> A few days after the resignation of General Cedillo from the post of Minister of Agriculture, criticism of the economic policy of President Lazaro Cárdenas circulated in Mexico City and was intensified by the collapse of the agrarian policy in La Laguna, Coahila and the henequin failure in Yucatan. As the man in the street commented with more or less vehemence on these facts, further difficulties arose out of the expropriation of the oil properties.

The connection of the foreign oil companies with the Cedillo revolt is not clear, and it is notable that President Cárdenas in his manifesto on the oil situation, March 18, did not accuse the companies of plotting at that time with Cedillo. He has not added that charge since, but others have hinted it. According to the *Catholic News* article:

> *Excelsior* states that the government has documents proving that Cedillo offered the oil companies the restoration of their properties if they provided the necessary elements for a rebellion.

Noting a lack of documentary evidence, Carleton Beals in the *New Republic* still says:

> Cedillo and his revolt, and similarly the psychology and practises of the oil companies, have been the product of the same wild-cat era of lawless violence. Just as Cedillo feels himself above all laws except his own will, so have the oil companies long considered themselves above Mexican law. . . . The fact that Cedillo has a Nazi tie-up does not preclude also an American oil tie-up.

Catholics in Mexico have recently had more to worry about in Tabasco, the state where Garrido Canabal, companion of Calles, suppressed the Church. Six Catholics were killed in a demonstration held in favor of opening some churches, following which:

> The government in a public declaration issued by Secretary of the Interior Ignacio Garcia Tellez on Thursday [June 2] laid the groundwork for at least an understanding on Tabasco religious conditions when he asked Tabasco Catholics formally to petition the present governor of Tabasco, Victor Manero, for reopening of the churches and asked that a copy of the petition be sent to the Interior Department.

As noted in the New York *Times* and elsewhere:

> Archbishop Martinez is a personal friend of President Lazaro Cárdenas and Church-State relations have improved considerably since Monsignor Martinez was made head of the Mexican Church about a year ago. Catholics are generally hopeful, therefore, that an arrangement for public worship will be made if Archbishop Martinez decides to negotiate on Tabasco in a friendly manner.

Carleton Beals, in the same *New Republic* article, declares:

> For some years now, Cedillo has been the principal white hope of the reactionaries. Many Catholics, who a few years before had denounced him as a bandit, came to look upon him as a saviour, for he has steadfastly refused to enforce the religious laws in his domain. . . . But though ignorant folk are misled, the Catholic hierarchy itself does not seem to be falling for this delusion. A somewhat liberal trend has swept over the Mexican prelates. Catholic extremists, who look to men like Cedillo, are apparently for the moment not in favor. . . . More and more, finding they had legal protection, the Catholics have desisted from their attacks on public education. And when Cárdenas took over the oil fields, the hierarchy, along with most of Mexico, so stirred by crusading pride, swung in behind him and agreed to raise several million pesos to help pay. . . . At no time have the Mexican people ever been more firmly united in their aims and less in a mood to be ruled by old-style military dictatorship, with all its brutalities, or by foreign capital, or by any combination of the two. Nor do they want Nazism anywhere in the land.

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The Stage and Screen

The Two Bouquets

"THE TWO BOUQUETS" is the last musical of the season; it is also the loveliest. It has gaiety, melody, humor, nostalgic charm, poetry. Of course those who demand that the theatre shall henceforth present only themes and songs of social significance will turn up their noses at it, though if they have any musical sense they won't shut their ears. And those who see musical plays only in terms of hot-cha singing, acrobatic dancing and slapstick humor will also do well to stay away from it. It has none of these ingredients; it is frankly what the modern critics call escape entertainment, which entertainment by the way comprises a good deal of the great literature of the world, and it gives us charm in place of vulgarity, melody in place of swing. It is no more up to date than Gilbert and Sullivan and it will be enjoyed by precisely the same persons. I do not mean that its lyrics have quite the quality of Mr. Gilbert's, though Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon have done a very good job with them indeed, and have set them most skilfully to tunes by Offenbach, Balfe, and even greater composers. Nowhere does this pastiche offend. It is carried out with taste and musical feeling. And yet though it is not up to date, "The Two Bouquets" is not dated. It is a Victorian operetta, telling a sentimental, fragile Victorian story, but telling it with slightly ironic, I won't say emphasis, that would be too strong a word, I would rather say, accent. To enjoy it properly of course takes at least a sympathy with the English 1870s; those to whom the world began with 1914 or 1929 it will annoy. It is gay, it is arch, and these are qualities which America today has little enough of. If there are those who object to them as outmoded and trivial, so much the worse for the objectors—they know not what they miss.

Marc Connelly has given the operetta a most sensitive production, both as to ensembles and the principals. He has given us Leo G. Carroll as the Victorian father, and very amusing and Victorian he is, and he proves he can put over the words of a witty song as admirably as he has always put over spoken lines. As his mate Viola Roache is equally Victorian. As the two young girls who get the wrong bouquets Mr. Connelly has discovered Marcy Wescott and Patricia Morison and, though neither has been on the stage before, their singing is excellent and their stylized acting amusing. Leslie French is rather gentle for a Victorian buck, but he capers delightfully. The two lovers are Alfred Drake and Winston O'Keefe, and the former's singing and the latter's acting are all that can be asked for. Gabrielle Brune is adequate as the actress, and Robert Chisholm's fine voice makes George an outstanding figure. The orchestra is directed by Macklin Marrow with sympathetic understanding, and the costumes of Raoul Pène du Bois and the scenic designs of Robert Barnhart are just enough exaggerated to carry out the delicate satire of the piece. In short, "The Two Bouquets," which has already run for two years in London, deserves to run as long in New York. It has brought back charm to the New York musical stage, its book if slight is well written, its music is a delight and its presentation masterly. (At the Windsor Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Comedy Saves the Day

"VIVACIOUS LADY," a farce of the old-school type, comes as a pleasant change after the long line of recent Carole Lombard-Irene Dunne comedies we've been having. Well named, it is light and sparkling and gives Ginger Rogers an opportunity to do her best work in the title rôle. James Stewart, as a shy associate professor, meets and marries Ginger Rogers, a night club entertainer, all in a flash, and takes her back to Old Sharon. Things don't work out so well when the young fellow arrives with his bride in the quiet college circle; and his former fiancée and his father, the president of the college, are no help. The marriage is kept secret, which complicates matters. But everything is finally smoothed out after a regular knock-'em-down-and-carry-'em-out fight between Miss Rogers and the fiancée, and after Ginger teaches Beulah Bondi the intricacies of the Big Apple. Charles Coburn and Beulah Bondi are excellent as the parents, and the supporting cast is good in this new R.K.O. Radio picture.

"Kidnapped" is rather a disappointment to me, not because Stevenson's novel was never one of my favorites, but because it seems that Twentieth Century-Fox might have caught more of the romantic flavor of the period and setting. Scotland, 1747, Redcoats, rebels riding in the night, king's men on the highway, "Loch Lomond," the Duke of Argyle, Dominie Campbell, David Balfour and Alan Breck—all these should spell adventure and excitement of the highest order for the films; but somehow in this version they just don't. Many changes were made in the story, principally in David's and Alan's meeting early in the picture when the British tax-collector is shot by a rebel, and in the introduction of a girl, to provide a love interest for Alan. Arleen Whelan, a pretty little miss who plays the part of this girl, is a newcomer to the screen, and is sure to have another chance to show what she can do. Warner Baxter and Freddie Bartholomew never get sufficiently stirred up over the whole thing; perhaps the phoney scenery was too much for them.

Sylvia Sidney suffers and suffers in Paramount's production of "You and Me," but all the suffering in the world couldn't have made a good picture out of this story. It's all about a gang of ex-convicts and particularly about George Raft and Sylvia Sydney—the "You and Me." Miss Sidney, being still on parole, shouldn't have married Mr. Raft; and he gets pretty hot under the collar when he discovers she served time too. In fact he seems to find this duplicity just cause to lead the gang in a robbery of the department store that specializes in helping ex-convicts. Miss Sidney foils the robbery and delivers a sermon that dumfounds the robbers—as well as the audience. Strangely enough, this picture was directed by Fritz Lang who knows how to turn out interesting films. This one is like a long, drawn-out "Crime Does Not Pay" series.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Books of the Day

Accomplishment without Brilliance

Roger Sherman, by Roger Sherman Boardman. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $4.00.

A SINGLE brilliant exploit in the field, a single eloquent sentence on some dramatic occasion, would doubtless have done more to keep alive Sherman's memory than all the patience, judgment, energy and devotion with which, through many weary weeks and months, he gave himself to those tedious and unwelcome tasks which were of major importance and could only have been successfully carried out by a man of first-rate ability.

Sherman was of a retiring disposition, awkward in bearing and singularly lacking in social graces. It was said of him that "in the street he saw nobody, but wore his broad beaver pointing steadily to the horizon, and giving no idle nods." His kindness of heart, however, is well illustrated in a story told by his grandson describing Sherman's arrival home one day with the announcement that he had bought a piece of property for a price clearly beyond its worth. At Mrs. Sherman's shocked protest, for he was not needing the land, Sherman replied that the seller was a poor man who did very much need a new coat. Rather than offend his pride by presenting him with the coat Sherman had bought his land.

In this well-constructed biography, Roger Sherman emerges as a patriot of indefatigable industry, perseverence and forthright integrity. The son of a small-town farmer and shoemaker, he somehow found means to secure a considerable education. During his early years, while regularly employed as a surveyor, he issued an annual almanac, operated a country store in partnership with his brother William, and achieved noteworthy success as a lawyer. His political career began when he was elected to the General Assembly of Connecticut.

When the colonies were urged to protest to the home government against the Stamp Act, Sherman was chosen one of the delegates to the congress which assembled in New York. Thereafter he represented his state in the Continental Congress, the Constitutional Convention, and in the Congress of the United States. John Adams described him as "honest as an angel and as firm in the cause of American independence as Mt. Atlas." How great was his devotion to the cause of American independence may be judged by the fact that, as a member of the Continental Congress, he rose at five, worked in committee from seven to ten, in the sessions of Congress from ten to four, and then in committee again until ten.

Sherman's signature was affixed to four outstanding documents of our early history: the boycott agreement against Great Britain which was sponsored by members of the First Continental Congress, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution. He also voted for the ratification of the treaty of peace with Great Britain.

Much of his best work was done in the prosaic and enervating atmosphere of committee rooms. For this reason Roger Sherman has never achieved, outside the borders of his own state, that full measure of recognition and gratitude from his countrymen which he so richly deserves. Mr. Boardman's vivid memoir is a valuable and stimulating contribution to this worthy end.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

A Tour of Nova Scotia Cooperatives. New York: The Cooperative League of the U. S. A. $.20.

Cooperation, an American Way, by John Daniels. New York: Covici-Friede. $3.00.

PERSONAL experiences and observations by Scotch, Irish and French Canadians, Protestants and Catholics, Nova Scotia cooperators and American visitors, combine to make this intensely human prospectus for the 1938 summer tour of the cooperatives of Nova Scotia an inspiring picture of the larger possibilities of the consumer-producer cooperative movement. It includes enough first-hand testimony to give some idea what remarkable accomplishments are being carried forward every day by St. Francis Xavier University of Antigonish and its thousands of energetic adherents.

The book on American cooperatives, by John Daniels, is more formal, but it also is accurate in conveying the mood which characterizes so much of the far-flung cooperative effort in this country. Unfortunately our American cooperatives generally lack the vision and the drive manifested in the eastern maritime provinces of the dominion. Mr. Daniels scores a point when he demonstrates that cooperation, beginning with insurance, is a century-old tradition with the American farmer. His statistics and specific instances of large-scale operations show that cooperatives in the United States are no longer a negligible phenomena. In fact they have registered a steady growth throughout the depression decade, with consumer cooperatives showing the highest rate of increase. And once group purchasing of farm supplies is approached from the same viewpoint as purchases for the farmer's household, rural and urban consumers can unite to sell cooperation to the nation. This is the crux of the matter to which Mr. Daniels repeatedly returns. His book fails to answer two big questions which are closely related. How can the consumers cooperative movement, which is gradual in nature and slow to spread, develop enough impetus among the various vocational, religious and racial groups in the United States to play a large part in the solution of the present social crisis before it is too late? The second question is even more strongly suggested by this book, which rarely rises above the politico-socio-economic plane: How and where in the United States can be found the educational facilities, the dynamism, the intellectual and emotional drive needed to make the cooperative movement take the lead in building up a true economic democracy here?

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

Catholicism, Communism and Dictatorship, by C. J. Eustace. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50.

THIS little book is chiefly an ideological exercise and consequently somewhat disjointed. The author reports totalitarianism as a phenomenon originating from a desperate longing in men to repossess themselves of a spirit of unity or wholeness. Since this sense of unity is being purchased primarily by fascists, nazis and communists in terms of natural values, the author condemns it as a deceiving substitute for a valid experience of the whole. The latter can only be a totalitarianism, the unifying principles of which are religious values. Such a totalitarianism would be, he says, compatible with ultimate facts and therefore a form of realism.

There is a decided emphasis placed thoughout the book on the negative factors in modern life—Godlessness, immorality and the like. Moreover the book has hardly any

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bearing on the existing situation in the United States. All this no doubt is according to the author's intention.

An attitude of hostility toward democracy seems to pervade this essay. It is asserted that Saint Thomas thought of democracy as the "best form of a bad government" but in fact Saint Thomas regarded democracy in the best form of good government in actual society as distinguished from society viewed in the abstract. Had Saint Thomas taught what the author attributes to him he (Saint Thomas) would have been mistaken. The deductions of the historical process have sufficed to establish (for the reviewer, definitively) that there is no large political society worthy of freemen except that which operates through the forms of a representative democracy.

Viewed as a whole this little book proves to be a compendium of topical sentences, the precise import of which cannot always be ascertained. Some statements the author himself would probably modify if he were seeking to develop the details of his thought. As an example mention may be made of the assertion that "Philosophy, discarding the realty of objective criteria, has become meaningless." A compendium of topical sentences necessarily reflects the residual attitudes and mood of the author. The political attitudes manifested in the book have a limited relevancy in the United States since European brands of totalitarianism are not proving attractive here to any considerable body of the population. The religious attitudes on the other hand are of course valid but they have no necessary connection with attacks on the "bourgeois respectability of a liberalistic age." Bourgeois respectability in the past has meant a public morality arguing to the presence in fact or in ideal of some of the cardinal principles of Christian morality. "A liberalistic age" in this country meant an age when men aspired to be free and in every way successful. What exactly and in detail is wrong with these two things? In another book perhaps the author will make his position clearer in these particulars. Meanwhile he here provides us with a fervent and sincere argument against the lunatic politics of Europe. It is a pity that it cannot be put in circulation in Italy, Germany and Russia where it is so badly needed.

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

FICTION

The Crowning of a King, by Arnold Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

THOUGH, considered as a novel, this book is not wholly successful, from another aspect it is a remarkable one. The point for the contemporary world is unmistakable, for we are shown an aspect of the war about which those nations that fought on the Western front know little, and yet which is once again the crux of the political situation in Europe.

We have here a vivid historical picture of the state of the German Eastern command at the time of the Brest-Litovsk treaty. Lenin has been sent into Russia by the Germans to demoralize the country which Prussia plans to dismember. And the plot centers not around military action but the political plan of setting up a German king in Lithuania, of annexing the Ukraine, and of marching German armies into a helpless Moscow and Petrograd—the dream of the Pan-Germans. But though General Clauss, the military figure who dominates the book, regards the war as won, Allenby has already turned the flank by the capture of Jerusalem and the Austrians are about to crumble in the Balkans. Clauss and all his offi-

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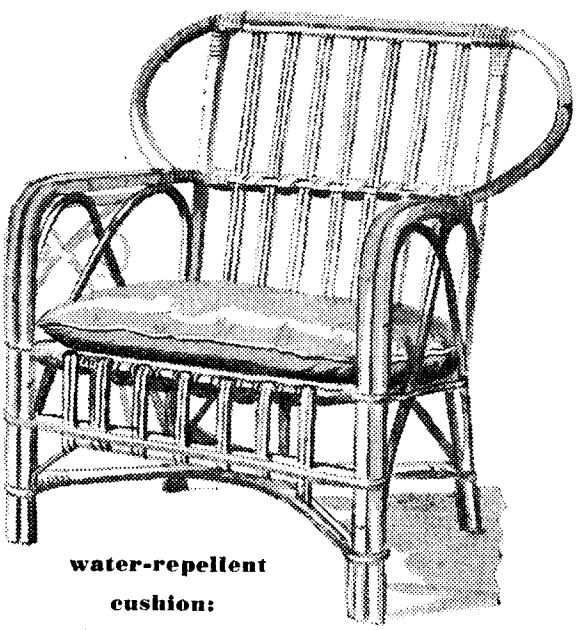

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cers are represented as able and decent men blinded by their illusions, not knowing that God has prepared the overthrow of their pride. The situation is defined by Zweig: "The Germans seemed to be winning; but if they won . . . the foundations of Europe would collapse and make new foundations necessary, on the basis of which the sense of power would replace the sense of right." It is easy to see why, even apart from his Jewish blood, he is anathema to the Nazis. For "The Crowning of a King"—who is never crowned—throws too much light upon the present designs of the new Pan-Germans for a march to the East and world domination. The inference is clear that, having learned nothing, Prussia is again destroying the soul of a kindly race by hysterical militarism and so again preparing for the ruin of Germany. The story of Captain Winfried and his sweetheart Bärbe, though skilfully handled, is of little interest set against the politics of the story. JOHN KENNETH MERTON.

Sleep in Peace, by Phyllis Bentley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

"SLEEP in peace, father! I will be different from you," from Feuchtwanger's "The Ugly Duchess," is the quotation from which this novel gets its title; and its theme concerns the mutations and improvements each generation hopes to make over the preceding one, with special emphasis, in this instance, on the panorama of that generation that made "the transition from Victorian England—industrially expanding, pious, a Great Power and proud of it—to the confused revolts and uncertain loyalties of today."

"Sleep in Peace" is no short, modern novel. Its 554 pages have a Dickensian quality of fullness and richness of detail that depict the history of two families, the Armisteads and the Hinchliffes, in their background of West Riding, Yorkshire, from the time of the birth of Laura Armistead in the '90s to the death of George V. The families are steeped in the traditions and dealings of the textile trade; and in their little unit of earth called West Riding, we see reflected the whole of society and life during the end of the Victorian period, the Edwardian years, the terrible war with its more hectic aftermath and during the depression or "slump" as it is called in England.

Phyllis Bentley's characterization is excellent. She carefully traces the childhood and growing-up of the three children of each of the two families in a bent-twig or "Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye reap" manner. We know what led to Ludo's sacrificing himself, why Frederick's background made him an objector during the war, why Gwen's pride and selfishness made her idolize her son, what caused Laura finally to attain success in her art. It is only when Miss Bentley comes to the third generation that she seems to hurry and to label her young people too quickly "Fascist," "Marxist," "Communist." Her explanation here is a little too facile: Laura's parents' generation had been able to succeed in their ambitions after hard work; Laura's generation had their ambitions blown to bits by the war; and the following generation expected their ambitions to be blown to bits, so they had none. Fortunately "Sleep in Peace" does not end on a note of despairing youngsters, for it is a book worthy of many readers especially among those who prefer long novels of family life like "Buddenbrooks" and "The Forsythe Saga" that give family histories which reflect the problems and the importance of their lives and times. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Never to Die: The Egyptians in Their Own Words, by Josephine Mayer and Tom Prideaux. Illustrated. New York: The Viking Press. $3.50.

THE EGYPTIAN cult of the dead, personified by the great pyramids at Gizeh, has been widely publicized, particularly in recent years since the discoveries of Lord Carnarvon. And as widely distorted. "Cult of the dead" has been read "cult of death"; forgetting that it was not their subjects but the pharoahs themselves who built their own tombs. Their effort postulates neither extreme spirituality nor a funereal longing for the hereafter. Rather, a love of terrestrial life so intense that it must at all costs be prolonged. A man looking forward to a glorious apotheosis in some elysian paradise does not trouble to build an imperishable home for his body upon this earth. Much less does he take care to supply that home with the appurtenances of mortal existence such as are invariably found in Egyptian tombs.

Plentiful examples of the Egyptian love of life are offered in Josephine Mayer and Tom Prideaux's superbly illustrated collection of twenty centuries of the Egyptians' own words. The single passage "in Praise of Death" dates from the Later Empire period, when Egypt was already in its decadence; and the author himself remarks: "I have heard those songs that are in the ancient tombs, and what they tell extolling life on earth, and belittling the region of the dead." The earlier Egyptians reveal themselves as a preeminently practical-minded race, fond of food and beer and animals and birds and water and dwarfs and jugglers and wives. When the wise Vizier Ptah-hotep draws up forty-five maxims for his son's guidance, he concerns himself not with happiness beyond the grave, but with "Conduct of Guests at Table," "Behavior in Changed Circumstances," "Treatment of Official Superiors." It is not until 1500 years later that Amenophis, advising his own son, adds benevolence toward man, piety toward God, contentment with one's lot: "Better is bread with happy heart than riches with vexation."

By then, the empire is already well into its decline, precipitated by the heretical monotheism of Ikhnaton. For a dramatic epitome of Egypt's history, compare the reproduced portrait-sculptures of four great Kings of Egypt's four great periods: Khafre of the Old Kingdom ("Like a strong man in the early morning looking forward to a day of achievement. . . . Hope and confidence strengthen the face, the shoulders are charged with almost limitless energy . . ."); Sesostris I of the Middle Kingdom ("Gone was the faith in unassailable monarchs. . . . Sesostris raises his eyebrows to doubt and inquire. . . . But Sesostris is not forgetting that his name means 'Man of Strength' "); Thutmose III of the Early Empire ("Shrewd, aggressive, plebian-looking . . . less than five feet tall . . . marched farther for Egypt than any other Pharaoh. . . . Endowed with a versatility and alertness typical of the great empire period . . . while his architects built mightier tombs and temples, he himself designed exquisite small vases"); Ikhnaton of the Later Empire ("Like a thoughtful man looking into the twilight, heedless of the day's achievements, alone with his own dreams. . . . Conquest and commerce were neglected while he conceived of a universal god . . ."). It is an unhappy commentary upon the historical process that Egypt's material prestige would seem to have waned as it approached the Christian ethic. DAVID BURNHAM.

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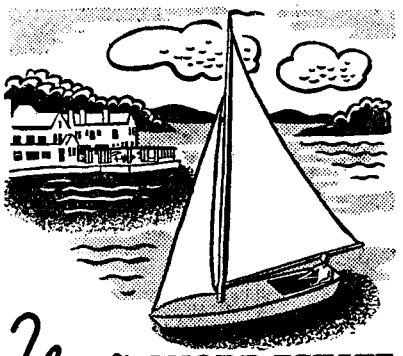
PHILOSOPHY

Saint Thomas and the Gentiles, by Mortimer J. Adler. Milwaukee: Marquette University Press.

PROFESSOR MORTIMER J. ADLER, of the University of Chicago, has gained more attention in America for "scholastic" philosophy by his lectures and writings in recent years than any other philosopher. This brief and excellent volume will suggest to the reader many reasons why this is so. It is the second published lecture in the Marquette University series of Aquinas Lectures which are given by invited scholars each year in celebration of the feast day of Saint Thomas Aquinas, that of Father John McCormick, S.J., being the first.

Saint Thomas's greatness as a philosopher is now almost universally acknowledged, by adversary and adherent alike. "It is easier to praise Saint Thomas than to imitate him," but Professor Adler has here outlined the more difficult work to be done, to be a philosopher as Thomas was and not merely a Thomist or a professor of philosophy. (Professor Etienne Gilson, late of the Sorbonne and Harvard and now of the Collège de France and the Institute of Mediaeval Studies, Toronto, has explained that the philosopher is interested in things, in reality, while the professor of philosophy does the secondary job of studying philosophers.) The problematic situation which Adler deals with is the fact that contemporary philosophers of the Thomistic tradition have made so little impression on those of other views, have failed in most cases to be understood, to say nothing of being accepted seriously as possessors of the truth so devoutly sought by all considerable philosophers. Such a situation did not exist in the thirteenth century, not for Saint Thomas at any rate. For the Angelic Doctor knew, and distinguished among, his opponents. He did not succeed in gaining universal acceptance even within his own order, but, leaving nothing undone in order to be understood by his various adversaries, his achievement radically modified the character of thirteenth-century thought; in all the fields in which he worked he lessened the hold of error and successfully advanced the cause of truth. Why do not those, who accept philosophy (and theology) with Saint Thomas, achieve more such success today? Adler's answer is sketched in this little work (*opusculum*) which might, in imitation of Thomas's "On the Governance of Rulers," be called "On the Governance of Philosophers."

Thomas had three principal groups of adversaries: Mohammedans, Jews, and heretical Christians. Arguing with the last, he could use both the Bible and reason; contending against the Jews, the Old Testament alone (and reason); while in the case of the Arabians and other pagans, reason alone could be appealed to. The principal work of Saint Thomas which is an example of this kind of controversy is his "Sum against the Gentiles" ("Summa contra Gentiles"). Adler believes that we can and should do today and in the field of philosophy what Saint Thomas did in the thirteenth century in regard to Christian theology. Changing what ought to be changed, we find three classes of opponents. Analogous to the Moors are those today who deny that philosophy is genuine knowledge not dependent upon and distinct from the natural sciences. Further, "like the Jew in matters of religion, there is in the modern world the philosopher, who, while agreeing that philosophy is knowledge having a validity independent of science, insists upon an irreducible plurality of philosophies, each of them true. . . . And like the Christian heretic, there is the philosopher, who, while agreeing



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that there is only one true philosophy, differs from us in this or that particular." The task of those who would imitate Saint Thomas in our day must be "first, to argue with the positivists that philosophy is knowledge; second, and only then, to argue with the systematists that there is only one body of philosophical knowledge; and third, to argue with differing philosophers about the truth of particular propositions."

This difficult work has been initiated by all too few. The man who carries on this work "is more actually a philosopher, than any other. If Thomism is not a school of philosophy, not one philosophy among many, if the philosophy of Saint Thomas is simply philosophy itself, living perennially today as in the thirteenth century, then the man who participates in it by dialectical efforts worthy of its goal should signalize his devotion to Saint Thomas by regarding himself, not as a Thomist, but simply as a philosopher. Thus he would call himself by a name common to all who have the same vocation, the love and service of truth. . . . I say this in the spirit of Saint Thomas, the spirit in which he left his own work incomplete and placed philosophy itself below other things in the scale of goods. For wisdom is greater than the men who love it, and therefore the proper name of no man can be used to circumscribe the truth." WILLIAM O'MEARA.

Concerning the Teacher, and On the Immortality of the Soul, by St. Aurelius Augustinus; translated by George G. Leckie. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $1.10.

THERE is no complete English translation of the works of Saint Augustine. This is remarkable, since he is generally regarded as the greatest of the Latin Fathers. Professor Leckie offers, in this little book, a useful and readable version of the "De magistro" and the "De immortalitate animae." Both works were written shortly after Augustine became a Christian. The first is a dialogue in which Augustine and his son discuss the effect of the words of a teacher on the learning process of his student. The second treatise contains several Platonico-Christian arguments for the immortality of the soul. It was considered obscure by Augustine, and he admits, in his "Retractations," his own inability to understand the work. In view of this, one might well question the wisdom of Professor Leckie's choice of the treatise. A much better companion piece to the "De magistro" would have been the, as yet untranslated, sixth book of the "De musica."

Throughout the translation there are certain words, such as *ratio, molis, species,* and *nomen,* which are used, by Saint Augustine, with a plurality of meanings. There appear to be no satisfactory equivalents in English for such terms; hence, the translator has sometimes indicated a secondary meaning, or the Latin term, in parentheses. A somewhat better device, particularly for readers who do not read Latin, would have been to insert a few translator's notes explaining the diverse meanings of such keywords. The third section of the Preface, dealing with the Augustinian theory of "signs," contains several suggestive interpretations of the "De magistro." However, Professor Leckie does not sufficiently emphasize the point which is paramount for Augustine, viz., that Christ is the only true teacher that men have. The outline of Augustine's ethics, in section two of the Preface, is inaccurate and inadequate. A chronology of Augustine's life, and a short bibliography, are also included. VERNON J. BOURKE.

The Inner Forum

FREQUENT press reports from the Far East indicate that the Japanese are more and more attempting to justify their conquests in China on the ground that China has allowed herself to be too greatly westernized—particularly in the direction of communism. This means that Japan would prefer a return to the "old China" with its Confucian ideals; but it also means a discouragement of the whole concept of personal liberty which is at its base essentially Christian. Catholic mission activity is probably greater in China than in almost any non-Christian country; what forces have been developed in China by this activity which would tend to resist Japanese ideology?

Here are the latest figures compiled from the 1938 "Annuaire" of the Jesuits at Shanghai. The present Catholic population of China is just over 3,000,000—about 90,000 more than a year ago. There are at present 4,675 priests in China (of which about 40 percent are native: 1,898), 1,381 lay Brothers (55 percent native: 762), and 5,993 Sisters (63 percent native: 3,769). Of the 135 ecclesiastical areas into which China is divided for administrative purposes, twenty-three are now in the charge of Chinese bishops and almost entirely cared for by native clergy. In addition to all this there are at present 959 Chinese students for major orders; from among these it is reasonable to expect at least 100 ordinations a year for the next six years. There are in addition almost 6,000 students in preparatory seminaries. Thus short of active persecution, the creation of a wholly Chinese Church is likely to proceed with increasing acceleration. And the well-attested fact that, except during short intervals of actual battle, the missionaries have calmly remained at their posts in spite of the destruction about them has undoubtedly increased both Chinese and Japanese respect for the Church. This is perhaps most strikingly reflected in the reports of a great increase in the number of conversions, reports which are so heartening that one can scarcely believe they are not exaggerated.

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